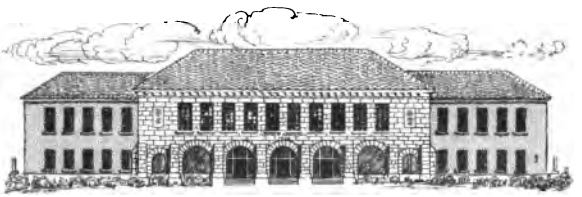
CHILD CLASSICS

THIRD READER

THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

CHILD CLASSICS
THE THIRD READER

By

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PREFACE

WHEN a community takes upon itself the responsibility of teaching its children to read it should assume at the same time that greater responsibility of teaching them what to read. A series of school readers designed to teach the art of reading should therefore carry in its pages that which will train in the choice of reading.

The cultivation of this habit should begin with the primer. From the first page the child should go to the book to get thought, not merely exercise in word calling. The succeeding books should gradually develop a high and catholic taste, and foster this taste by establishing early the custom of reading standard books at home.

Child Classics have been prepared with these principles in view. In addition to providing a definite and flexible method for teaching beginners to read, effort has been made to include only material that may justly be called classic. The selections chosen have borne the repeated test of school-room trial both as to interest and careful grading. Care has also been taken to present a variety of appeal through the heroic, the imaginative, the humorous, the ethical and the realistic.

Lists of books for home reading edited for this series by Hamilton Wright Mabie are included in the *Third*, *Fourth* and *Fifth Readers*, not only for the direction of the child and the guidance of the teacher, but also to obtain the coöperation of parents in fixing in habit the taste for good literature created by the text books themselves.

The notes appended for study have been prepared, not only to explain the text, but to further the child's interest in the author and the selection. At the end of each book will be found suggestions to teachers. These have been made unusually concrete and full in the desire to throw increased light on the teaching of this, the most important subject in the school curriculum. It is hoped that a measure of success has attended the under-

taking, and that teachers and pupils to whom the books may come will take new joy in their work.

It is a pleasure to thank Miss Nebraska Cropsey, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Indianapolis, for suggestions concerning the teaching of reading covering a period of twenty years, and the many teachers who have tested the books in their classes.

G. A.

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The selections from the writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Phoebe Cary, Celia Thaxter, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne are used by special arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

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He owns the bird-songs of the hills—
The laughter of the April rills;
And his are all the diamonds set
In Morning's dewy coronet,—
And his the Dusk's first minted stars
That twinkle through the pasture-bars,
And litter all the skies at night
With glittering scraps of silver light;—
The rainbow's bar, from rim to rim,
In beaten gold, belongs to him.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE THIRD READER

BELLING THE CAT

RETOLD FROM ÆSOP

Midnight in the garret of an old house. Eight or ten mice sit in a circle. In the center is Old Gray Ear, the judge.

Old Gray Ear. Fellow Mice, I shall ask our friend, Black Whisker, to make the first speech. (*Black Whisker steps forward.*)

Black Whisker. Wise judge and kind friends, these are sad times with us. Our enemy the Cat—

Brown Back. I lost another child last night. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Black Whisker. Quite true! Not one among us but has lost one or more of his family. (*All weep.*) Now what can we do?

Old Gray Ear. That is hard to tell. As long as I can remember, this danger has been with us. Can you advise us in any way, Black Whisker?

Black Whisker. I can not, myself, give any

advice. However, as I came along, our friend, Young Frisker here, said that he knew a way.

Old Gray Ear. Young Frisker, come, let us hear from you. We shall be glad to get new ideas. For years have we tried to get rid of this Cat.

Young Frisker. It is easily done. (*Laughs.*) Put a bell around her neck. Then you will hear her coming.

Brown Back. Why didn't we think of that before I lost my child! (*Weeps again.*)

Black Whisker. Hurrah! No more fear of the Cat! (*Claps his hands.*)

Old Gray Ear. Truly, a fine plan. Now, who will put the bell around the neck of the Cat?

Brown Back. Not I. I have a family to keep.

Black Whisker. I am lame since I was caught in the trap. I can not run as I once did.

Old Gray Ear. It seems to me, Young Frisker, you are the very one to— Why, the fellow has run away! (*Holds up his hands.*)

Brown Back. Just the way with these young mice! They know so well how to do everything. My own children are always telling me how—

Black Whisker. The Cat! (*All run.*)

LADY MOON

By Richard Monckton Milnes

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

THE CRAB AND HIS MOTHER

By Æsop

It was a pleasant day. The waves of the blue ocean were dancing in the sun. The beach was clean and white.

A crab and her son were out for a walk.

"Son," said she, "why do you walk so crooked? It looks far better to go straight forward."

Then the young crab answered, "I do wish to walk straight, mother. If you will show me how, I will do it."

The mother crab started ahead. You can see her in the picture. First she went to the right and then to the left. The young crab did his best to follow her. Just see him!

At last he said, "Mother, when you learn to walk straight, you can teach me." Then he went off down the beach to play.

THE THROSTLE

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

"Summer is coming, summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then *so* new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again,"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

A single sunbeam is enough to drive away many shadows. *Francis of Assisi.*

THE THREE WISHES

AN ENGLISH FOLK TALE

Once upon a time, and be sure it was a long time ago, there lived a poor woodman in a great forest. Every day of his life he went out to cut timber.

One day, as he started out, the goodwife filled his wallet and slung his bottle on his back, that he might have meat and drink in the forest. He had marked out for his work this day a huge old oak, which, he thought, would furnish many and many a good plank.

When he came to the oak, he took his ax in his hands and swung it round his head as though he would fell the tree at one stroke. But he had not given one blow, when there stood before him a fairy, who prayed him to spare the tree.

The woodman was dazed, as you may fancy, with wonder and fright. He could not open his mouth to utter a word. At last he found his tongue. "Well," said he, "I'll e'en do as thou wishest."

"You have done better for yourself than you

know," answered the fairy. "To show that I am grateful, I will grant your next three wishes, be they what they may."

With that the fairy was no more to be seen.

So the woodman slung his wallet over his shoulder and his bottle at his side, and off he started for home.

But the way was long, and the poor man was still dazed with the wonderful thing that had happened. When he got home there was nothing in his mind but the wish to sit down and rest. As he sat, he became hungry.

"Hast thou naught for supper, dame?" said he to his wife.

"Nay, not for two hours," said she.

"Ah!" groaned the woodman, "I wish I'd a good link of sausage here before me."

No sooner had he said the word, when clatter, clatter, rustle, rustle, what should come down the chimney but a link of the finest sausage the heart of man could wish.

"What's all this?" cried the goodwife. Then

all the morning's work came back to the woodman, and he told his tale.

"Thou art but silly, Jan, thou art but silly!" the goodwife burst out. "I wish the sausage were at thy nose; I do, indeed!"

And, before you could say "Jack Robinson," there sat the woodman with his nose the longer for a noble link of sausage.

He gave a pull, but it stuck, and she gave a pull, but it stuck; and they both pulled till they had nigh pulled the nose off, but the sausage stuck and stuck.

"What's to be done now?" said he.

"It does not look so very bad," said she, looking hard at him.

Then the woodman saw that if he wished, he must wish in a hurry, and so he wished that the sausage might come off his nose.

Well!—there it lay in a dish on the table. So it happened that if the goodman and goodwife did not ride in a golden coach, or dress in silk and satin, they had at least as fine a link of sausage for their supper as the heart of man could desire.

From Joseph Jacobs's "More English Fairy Tales." Adapted.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

By Jean Ingelow

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter;
  My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
  They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing,
  And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
  You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
  That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
  And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
  You've powdered your legs with gold!

YOU MAY TRUST ME, LINNET

O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet —
I am seven times one to-day!

PSALM ONE HUNDRED

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

The Bible.

A LETTER TO GERTIE

By Phillips Brooks

Grand Hotel, Vienna,
November 19, 1882.

Very private! !

Dear Gertie,—This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about.

You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time. So I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve.

Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and put it in your own stocking, and

be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine DeWolf and the other baby at Springfield, whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve.

Will you do this for me? You can spend five dollars for each child. If you show your father this letter, he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children; so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all.

This has taken up almost all my letter, and so I can not tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people. But I do not think the Austrians are nearly as nice as the ugly, honest Germans. Do you?

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret. Your affectionate uncle,

Phillips.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

Phillips Brooks.

PHILLIPS BROOKS AND THE CHILDREN

Phillips Brooks loved little children. Wouldn't you have been glad to call him uncle, just as Gertie and Tood did, and to get such a delightful letter from him as the one on page twenty-three?

Perhaps you would like to know a little more about him. He was born in Boston in the year 1835. He had five brothers, William, George, Frederick, Arthur and John. Phillips was next to the oldest. You may believe the six boys had rollicking good times together. They went to the public school in Boston and played ball and marbles on Boston Common. In the summer they went to visit their grandmother in North Andover.

When Phillips Brooks became a man, he bought his grandmother's old house in North Andover.

Then all his nephews and nieces came out to visit him in the summer time. The "corn-barn" was made into a playhouse. They had a real stove and cooked out there sometimes. Uncle Phillips sat over in the corner in a big arm-chair. When they had plays, he helped them to build the stage. In the long afternoon he usually took a drive in a buggy which had a place for just one child. They would drive to some little town not far away and buy toys for those left behind.

Think what Fourth of July must have been, with Uncle Phillips to shoot off the fireworks!

In the winter time they came to his house in Boston. There they had a play-room. Each niece had her doll that lived at Uncle Phillips's house, and Uncle Phillips had his doll, too, and they all played together.

His birthday came on the thirteenth of December. On that day the children dressed up his chair with flags and ribbons. Then he had a big dinner and a birthday cake with candles on it. At the last came in all the presents. How happy they all must have been as they sat there and watched him undo the packages, one by one!

Phillips Brooks loved many children, and did many kind things for them. One of his best friends among the children was little Helen Keller. Helen is deaf, dumb and blind. She used often to go and visit him. One time she wrote to him, "Please tell me something that you know about God." He wrote her a long beautiful letter, and near the end he said this, "And so love is everything, and if anybody asks you, or if you ask yourself, what God is, answer, 'God is love.'"

A BOY'S SONG

By James Hogg

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Abridged.

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

By Jacob Abbott

The wagon rolled into the yard with a load of large, plump, golden-cheeked pumpkins.

"Now, where shall we put them?" asked Rollo.

"Yonder, on the grass, is a good place," replied Jonas. "Pile them up, and we will leave them for a few days to dry in the sun." Jonas began to unload the wagon; he rolled the pumpkins toward Rollo, who piled them on the grass. The old white cow, standing on the road, stretched her neck over the fence and eyed the pumpkins with eager desire.

"Here is a green one, Jonas; shall I pile it up with the rest?" "No," said Jonas; "it will not ripen. It is good for nothing but to give to the pigs or to make a Jack-o'-lantern."

"A Jack-o'-lantern!" said Rollo; "what is a Jack-o'-lantern?"

"Did you never see one?" asked Jonas.

"No," said Rollo; "what is it?"

"Why, you take a pumpkin and scoop out all

the inside; then you cut eyes and nose and mouth in it. At night you put a candle inside and carry it out in the dark, and it makes a great grinning face of fire."

"But what a curious name! Why is it called so?"

"I do not know; but I suppose the name means 'Jack-with-a-lantern,' or 'man with a lantern,' for Jack is used as a sort of nickname for man."

"Oh, Jonas, may I make one out of this green pumpkin?"

"Yes, you may do so. First bring the pumpkin to me; I will mark it for you."

Rollo brought the pumpkin, and Jonas, taking out his knife, marked a circle just below and all round the stem.

"There," said he; "that is for the cap. Now you must get a case-knife and make a deep cut all around this mark; then the cap will come off if you pull it by the handle. Then dig out the inside with an old iron spoon, leaving the shell about as thick as your finger."

Rollo got the knife and the spoon. Then, seating himself on a log in the yard, he proceeded to

make his Jack-o'-lantern, while Jonas went off to his work in the garden.

Before Rollo had quite completed his plaything he became tired, and concluded to leave it a little while and go and look for Jonas.

"Well, Rollo, have you finished the Jack-o'-lantern?"

"No," replied Rollo; "I was tired; so I thought I would come and help you work and ask you to tell me a story."

"I do not think of any story just now, but I can give you some advice."

"Very well," said Rollo; "give me some advice."

"I will tell you two rules my old schoolmaster used to teach me—one for work and one for play. His rule for work was this:

'What is once begun
Must always be done.'"

Rollo laughed at hearing this rule, and asked if all the old master's rules were in poetry.

"His second rule," continued Jonas, "was for play. It was this:

'When you have done your play,
Put all your things away.'"

"I think this is an excellent rule," said Rollo; "for children often lose their playthings by leaving them about when they have done playing. I never leave my things lying about."

"Indeed!" said Jonas. "Where is your Jack-o'-lantern? Have you put that away?"

"No; but that is not finished yet."

"Then you have broken both of my old master's rules. You have left your work unfinished because you were tired of it, and you did not put away your playthings when you had done with them. Now let us go home." They walked toward the house.

"Rollo! Rollo! see there!" exclaimed Jonas, as they came in sight of the yard. Rollo looked up and saw the old white cow eating up his Jack-o'-lantern.

Rollo picked up a stick and ran after the cow, shouting out, "Wheh there! wheh!" as loud and fiercely as he could.

The cow seized another large mouthful and ran off, shaking her horns and brandishing her tail.

"The ugly old cow!" said Rollo, taking up the remains of the pumpkin. "My Jack-o'-lantern is all spoiled. I will get some stones and stone her."

"Stone her! Stone what?" replied Jonas coolly. "Stone the cow?"

"Yes, of course," answered Rollo; "that ugly old cow!"

"Why, what is the cow to blame for?" said Jonas.

"To blame! Why, she has been eating up my Jack-o'-lantern."

"I do not think the cow is to blame," said Jonas; "but somebody is to blame, and I can tell you who. If you stone anybody, you had better stone him. The person to blame is the boy that left the Jack-o'-lantern on the log, and thus let the cow get at it.

"I think," added he, with a laugh, "that if my old schoolmaster had known of this case, he would have made a good story out of it to illustrate his two rules."

From "Rollo's Vacation."

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

By Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afraid are we;"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

One blind from birth asked a man who could see: "What color is milk?" The man who could see replied: "The color of milk is like white paper." The blind man asked: "This color, then, rustles in the hands like paper?" The man who could see replied: "No; it is white, like white flour." The blind man asked: "Then it is soft and powdery like flour, is it?" The man who could see replied: "No; it is simply white, like a rabbit." The blind man asked: "Then it is downy and soft like a rabbit, is it?" The man who could see replied: "No; white is a color exactly like snow." The blind man asked: "Then it is cold, like snow, is it?" And in spite of all that the man who could see said the blind man was wholly unable to understand what the color of milk really is.

Leo Tolstoy.

THE TREE

By Björnstjerne Björnson

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost, sweeping down.
"No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,"
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he swung.
"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"
"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

THE SKYLARK'S SPURS

By Jean Ingelow

I

A fairy once saw a fine young lark sitting in the long grass.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the fairy.

"Oh, I am so unhappy!" replied the poor lark. "I want to build a nest, and I have no wife."

"Why don't you look for a wife, then?" said the fairy, laughing at him. "Do you expect one to come and look for you? Fly up, and sing a beautiful song in the sky, and then perhaps some pretty bird will hear you.

"If you tell her you will help her to build a nest, and that you will sing to her all day long, she will consent to be your wife."

"If I fly up my feet will be seen," said the lark, "and no other bird has feet like mine. My claws are enough to frighten any one, they are so long."

"Let me look at your claws," said the fairy.

So the lark lifted up one of his feet, which he

had kept hidden in the long grass, lest any one should see it.

"It looks very fierce," said the fairy. "Are you sure you never fight?"

"No, never," said the lark; "I never fought a battle in my life; yet these claws grow longer and longer. I am so ashamed of their being seen, that I often lie in the grass instead of going up to sing, as I could wish."

"I think, if I were you, I would pull them off," said the fairy.

"That is not an easy thing to do," answered the poor lark. "You can not think how fast they stick on."

"Well, I am sorry for you," said the fairy. "You would not have wings unless you were going to fly, nor a voice unless you were going to sing; and so you would not have those dreadful spurs unless you were going to fight. If your spurs are not to fight with," continued the fairy, "I should like to know what they are for!"

"I am sure I don't know," said the lark, lifting up his foot and looking at it. "But I thought you might be willing to mention among my friends

A FINE YOUNG LARK IN THE GRASS

that I should always take care not to hurt my wife and nestlings with my spurs."

"It is quite plain to me that those spurs are meant to scratch with," answered the fairy. "No, I can not help you. Good morning!"

II

A grasshopper came chirping up to the lark, and tried to comfort him as he sat moping in the grass.

"I have known you some time," he said, "and have never seen you fight. I will spread a report that you are a good-tempered bird, and that you are looking for a wife."

The lark thanked the grasshopper warmly.

"At the same time," remarked the grasshopper, "I should be glad if you could tell me what is the use of these claws, because the question might be asked me, and I should not know what to answer."

"Grasshopper," replied the lark, "I can not imagine what they are for; that is the real truth."

"Well," said the kind grasshopper, "perhaps time will show."

The lark, delighted with the grasshopper's promise to speak well of him, flew up into the air, and the higher he went, the sweeter and the louder he sang.

The little ants put down their burdens to listen, the doves ceased cooing, and the little field-mice came and sat in the openings of their holes.

A pretty brown lark, who had been sitting under some great leaves, peeped out and exclaimed, "I never heard such a beautiful song in my life—never!"

"It was sung by my friend, the skylark," said the grasshopper. "He is a very good-tempered bird, and he wants a wife."

"Hush!" said the pretty brown lark. "I want to hear the end of that wonderful song."

Just then the skylark, far up in the heavens, burst forth again, and sang better than ever—so well, indeed, that every creature in the field sat still to listen.

The little brown lark under the leaves held her breath, for she was afraid of losing a single note.

"Well done, my friend!" exclaimed the grasshopper, when the lark came down, panting and with tired wings.

He told him how much his friend the brown lark had been pleased with his song, and he took the poor skylark to see her.

The skylark walked as carefully as he could, that she might not see his feet; and he thought he had never seen such a pretty bird in his life. She seemed just the wife for him.

When she told him how much she loved music, he sprang up again into the blue sky, and sang clearer and sweeter than before. He was so glad he could please her.

When he asked her to overlook his spurs and be his wife she said she would see about it.

"Now I think of it," she said, "I should not have liked you to have short claws like other birds; but I can not say why, as your spurs seem to be of no use."

This was very good news for the skylark, and he sang such delightful songs that he very soon won his wife.

They built a little nest in the grass, which made

the skylark so happy that he almost forgot to be sorry about his long spurs.

III

One afternoon the fairy saw the lark's friend.

"How do you do, grasshopper?" she asked.

"Thank you, I am very well and very happy," said the grasshopper; "people are always so kind to me."

"Indeed!" replied the fairy. "I wish I could say that they were always kind to me. How is that quarrelsome lark, who found such a pretty brown mate the other day?"

"He is not a quarrelsome bird," replied the grasshopper. "I wish you would not say that he is."

"Oh, well, we need not quarrel about that," said the fairy, laughing. "I have seen the world, grasshopper, and I know a few things. Your friend, the lark, does not wear those long spurs for nothing."

"Suppose you come and see the eggs that our pretty lark has in her nest," said the grasshopper,—"three pink eggs spotted with brown.

I am sure she will show them to you with pleasure."

What was their surprise to find the poor little brown lark sitting on them, with rumpled feathers, drooping head, and trembling limbs!

"Ah! my pretty eggs!" said the lark, as soon as she could speak. "They must be trodden on! They will certainly be found!"

"What is the matter?" asked the grasshopper. "Perhaps we can help you."

"Dear grasshopper," said the lark, "I have just heard the farmer and his son talking on the other side of the hedge. The farmer said that to-morrow morning he should begin to cut his meadow."

"That is a great pity," said the grasshopper. "What a sad thing it was that you laid your eggs on the ground!"

"Larks always do," said the poor little brown bird. "Oh, my pretty eggs! I shall never hear my little nestlings chirp!"

So the poor lark moaned, and neither the grasshopper nor the fairy could do anything to help her.

IV

At last her mate dropped down from the white cloud where he had been singing, and inquired in great fright what the matter was.

They told him, and at first he was very much shocked. Presently he lifted first one and then the other of his feet, and examined his long spurs.

"If I had only laid my eggs on the other side of the hedge, among the corn," sighed the poor mother, "there would have been plenty of time to rear my birds before harvest-time."

"My dear," answered her mate, "don't be unhappy!" And, so saying, he hopped up to the eggs, and, laying one foot upon the prettiest, he clasped it with his long spurs. Strange to say, it exactly fitted them.

"Oh, my clever mate!" cried the poor little mother; "do you think you can carry them away for me?"

"To be sure I can," replied the lark, beginning slowly and carefully to hop with the egg in his right foot; "nothing could be more easy."

So saying, he hopped gently on till he came to the hedge, and then got through it, still holding the egg, till he found a nice little hollow place in among the corn. There he laid it.

"Hurrah!" cried the grasshopper. "Larkspurs for ever!"

The fairy said nothing, but she felt ashamed of herself. She sat looking on till the happy lark had carried the last of his eggs to a safe place and had called his mate to come and sit on them.

Then the lark sprang up into the sky again, singing to his mate. He was happy because he knew what his long spurs were for.

From "Stories Told to a Child." Abridged.

Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise!

William Shakespeare.

SPRING

By Celia Thaxter

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
And O, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
As their soft hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy little children!
God made them all for you.

BLUNDER

By Louise E. Chollet

I

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate, to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies, and a little coach, like Tom Thumb's.

Of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find the gate; for it is not a great gate, with a tall marble pillar on each side, and a sign over the top, like this:

WISHING-GATE

It is just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly,—the way it looks, I mean,—a worm-eaten stile, in a meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him. She could only direct him to

follow the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met.

Over and over she charged him,—for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything,—"Be sure you don't miss him,—be sure you don't pass him by."

So far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak-tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder's fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight, under his nose. He could think of nothing better to say than, "Good Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Eh! what's that?" cried the owl, starting out of his nap. "Have you brought me a frog?"

"No," said Blunder, "I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl, very angry. "Winks and naps! how dare you wake me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a mile-stone? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!"—and ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "What was the use in asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if this was all?"

While he hesitated, a chipmunk came skurrying down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young family, I have so little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite who can tell you. He lives under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like, wabble! wabble!"

II

So Blunder went on up the brook, and, seeing nothing of the water-sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is,—I can't find it," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Good Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can not," said the frog. "I am very sorry, but the fact is, I am an artist. Young as I am, my voice is already highly praised at our concerts, and I have no time for such things. But in the pine-tree over there, you will find an old crow. He is a great traveler, and I am sure can help you."

"I don't know where the pine is,—I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder.

But still he went on up the brook. Hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices, squabbling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I

am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now you. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey."

"And I want my nap."

"I will come in."

"You shall not."

And looking about him, Blunder spied a bee, quarreling with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

"Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?" asked Blunder.

"No," said the elf. "But if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-man, coming down from fairy-land. He will have his bags of dreams on his shoulder. If anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you should look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel.

III

The Dream-man had his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes. At home, when told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then his mother or sister went straight and found it for him. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and, catching up his lantern, set out at once.

Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree-tops.

"But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack merrily, dancing out of sight.

O, a very angry little boy was Blunder, when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

IV

Just then Blunder stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. This stump happened, unluckily, to be a wood-goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin, who was asleep up-stairs, started up in a fright at the clash and clatter. Finding that his house was not tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first, he stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore wildly about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes. But of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes.

"I can't find them! O, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet!" said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but—"I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin, half-way down the stairs.

"Goodness, gracious, mercy, me!" exclaimed cook. "He is coming. The boy will be eaten in spite of me. Jump into the meal-chest!"

"I don't see it," squeaked Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, and coming towards the kitchen door.

"There is a cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that!" cried cook, quite beside herself.

But Blunder could no more see the cloak than

he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal-chest.

No doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing around the kitchen, and crying out, "I can't find it," but, fortunately for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the cloak, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

As he could see nothing wrong, however, he went grumbling up-stairs again.

The shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir.

V

Just then along came the South Wind, with his pockets crammed full of showers. As he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home. The boy was glad enough, only he

would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind. "One was a hen, that died of starvation, sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain. The other was a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

"What? what's that?" cried Blunder. Just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, knitting. Everybody else cried, "What luck?" and, "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" She sat mum.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it." And then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles, and rolling up

ON THE TOP OF THE WISHING-GATE

her ball of silk; "but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate. His fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then.

"But this little boy seldom used his eyes. So he passed the first owl, and waked up the wrong owl. He passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog. He sat down under the pine-tree, and never saw the crow. He passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern. He tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and couldn't find the shoes and the closet, the chest and the cloak. He sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, till the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it.

"Ugh! Bah!" And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

Abridged.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

By William Brighty Rands

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

THE MILKMAID

By Æsop

Dolly, the milkmaid, had been a good girl for a long, long time. So one morning her mistress called her and said, "Here, Dolly, is a fresh pail of milk. You may do with it as you like."

With the pail of milk upon her head, Dolly tripped gaily along on her way to the town where she was going to sell her milk.

"The money for which I shall sell this milk," said Dolly to herself, "will buy me twenty eggs. The mistress will surely lend me a hen. If only half of the chicks grow up, I shall have ten to sell at Christmas. Then they will bring the highest price.

"With this money I'll buy the jacket that I saw in the village the other day, and a hat and ribbons, too. When I go to the fair how fine I shall be!

"Robin will be there, and will come up and offer to be friends again. But I won't come around too easily. When he wants me for a partner in the dance, I shall just toss up my head and—"

Here Dolly gave her head the least bit of a toss. Down came the pail and all the milk was spilled upon the ground. Poor Dolly was no better off than before.

Moral: Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

By George Macdonald

I

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow
you out!
You stare
In the air
As if crying, *Beware,*
Always looking what I am about:
I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

II

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds, to sleep
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

III

He turned in his bed: she was there again!
On high
In the sky,

With her one ghost-eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain:
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

IV

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.
"With my sledge
And my wedge
I have knocked off her edge!
I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,
And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim."

V

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

VI

He blew a great blast, and the thread was
gone.
In the air

Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Larger and nearer the shy stars shone:
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

VII

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down

And in town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar—
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

VIII

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

IX

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

X

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power
am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

XI

But the Moon she knew nothing about the
affair;
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY

By Joel Chandler Harris

"Did the fox never catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"He came very near it, honey, did Brer Fox," said the old man. "One day, after Brer Rabbit had played a trick upon him, Brer Fox went to work with some tar and turpentine.

"He made with it what he called a Tar-Baby, and this Tar-Baby he put in the middle of the road. Then Brer Fox lay in the bushes, and watched Tar-Baby; and he had a twinkle in his eye.

"He hadn't waited long before Brer Rabbit came tripping along the road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—as saucy as a jay bird. Brer Fox lay low.

"So Brer Rabbit came prancing along until he saw Tar-Baby, and then he pulled up short.

"'Good morning,' says Brer Rabbit. 'Nice weather this morning.'

"Tar-Baby said nothing, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How is your health this fine morning?' says Brer Rabbit.

"Brer Fox, behind the bushes, winked slowly, and Tar-Baby said nothing.

"'How are you, then? Are you deaf?' says Brer Rabbit. 'Because if you are, I can call out louder than this.'

"Tar-Baby sat still, and Brer Fox still lay low.

"'I'll tell you what you are,' says Brer Rabbit; 'you're stuck-up, and I am going to cure you before you're much older.'

"Brer Fox chuckled deep down, but Tar-Baby still said nothing.

"'I'm going to teach you how to talk,' says Brer Rabbit. 'If you don't take off your hat and say how do you do to me, I'll hit you,' says he.

"But Tar-Baby sat still, and Brer Fox lay low.

"Brer Rabbit kept on speaking to Tar-Baby, and Tar-Baby kept still, saying nothing. Brer Rabbit grew so angry that he drew back his fist, and, blip, he hit her on the side of the head.

"His fist stuck fast, and he could not pull it loose. The tar held him. But Tar-Baby sat quite still, and Brer Fox lay low.

"'If you don't let me loose, I'll knock you again,' says Brer Rabbit. Then he punched Tar-Baby with the 'other hand, and that stuck, too. Tar-Baby sat still, and old Brer Fox lay low.

"'Let me loose, or I'll kick you,' says Brer Rabbit.

"But Tar-Baby still said nothing. She held Brer Rabbit fast. Then Brer Rabbit lost the use of his feet in the same way.

"Then Brer Rabbit calls out that if Tar-Baby doesn't let him loose, he will butt her. He butted and his head stuck. Then Brer Fox walks out, looking as innocent as one of your mother's mocking-birds.

"'How do you do, Brer Rabbit?' says Brer Fox. 'You look somewhat stuck-up this morning,' and he rolled on the ground and laughed until he could laugh no more.

"'I think you will eat some dinner with me this time,' he says to Brer Rabbit. 'I can't take any excuse.'"

Here Uncle Remus paused and drew a sweet potato out of the ashes.

"That is as far as the tale goes," said the old man. "May be or may be not. Some say that Judge Bear came along and set Brer Rabbit free; some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally calling. You had better run along."

"When Brer Fox finds Brer Rabbit still mixed up with the Tar-Baby," said Uncle Remus the next evening, "he feels very happy. He rolls on the ground and laughs.

"He gets up, by-and-by, and says—

"'Well, I think I have got you this time, Brer Rabbit. Maybe I haven't, but I think I have. You've been running round here with your head too high of late, Brer Rabbit. I think you have come to the end of the row. And you are always where you've no business to be,' says Brer Fox.

"'Who asked you to talk to the Tar-Baby? And who stuck you where you are now?

"'Nobody in the round world stuck you there. You just forced yourself on Tar-Baby without waiting for an invitation,' says Brer Fox. 'There you are, Brer Rabbit, and there you'll stay, until

"HOW DO YOU DO, BRER RABBIT?" SAYS BRER FOX

I can fix up a brush-pile, and fire it up, because I am going to roast you this day—that's sure.'

"'I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox,' says Brer Rabbit in an humble voice, 'so long as you don't fling me into that brier-patch. Roast me, Brer Fox, but don't fling me into that brier-patch.'

"'It's so much trouble to kindle a fire,' says Brer Fox, 'that it seems as if I'll have to hang you.'

"'Hang me as high as you please, Brer Fox,' says Brer Rabbit, 'but don't fling me into that brier-patch.'

"'I haven't any string,' says Brer Fox, 'and I am afraid I shall have to drown you.'

"'Drown me as deep as you please, Brer Fox, but don't fling me into that brier-patch,' says he.

"'There is no water near,' says Brer Fox, 'so it seems I must skin you, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Skin me, Brer Fox,' says Brer Rabbit, 'tear out my ears by the roots, cut off my legs, but please, Brer Fox, don't fling me into that brier-patch!'

"Of course Brer Fox wanted to hurt Brer

Rabbit as much as he could. So he got hold of his hind legs and slung him into the middle of the brier-patch.

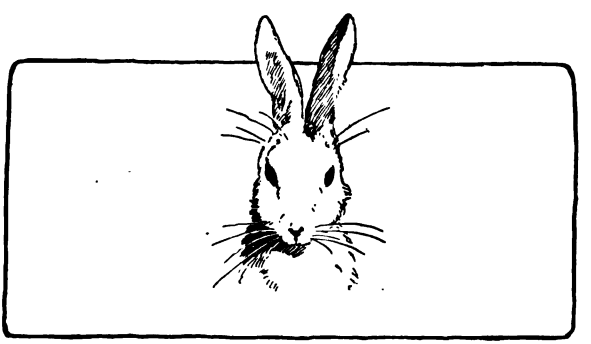
"There was some flutter as Brer Rabbit struck the bushes, and Brer Fox sat down to watch.

"By-and-by he heard somebody call him, and up the hill he saw Brer Rabbit sitting cross-legged on a log, combing the tar out of his hair with a chip.

"Then Brer Fox knew that he needn't watch the bushes any longer for Brer Rabbit. And Brer Rabbit called out to him—

"'Bred and born in a brier-patch, Brer Fox, bred and born in a brier-patch!' and with that he skips off as lively as a cricket in the embers."

Adapted.



THANKSGIVING DAY

By Lydia Maria Child

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood
And straight through the barn-yard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow,—
It is so hard to wait.

Over the river and through the wood—
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

ARACHNE

A Greek Myth

Arachne was a beautiful girl who lived many, many years ago in the far-away land of Greece. She was a wonderful spinner. People came from far and near to see her at her work.

She liked best to spin under the green trees in the forest. There she pictured so skilfully the birds flying in and out among the branches that people said, "We can almost hear them sing."

All of this praise quite turned Arachne's pretty little head. She became so proud and vain that no one could love her.

"No one can equal my work," she would say, with a toss of her head. "Athene, herself, can not do it."

Now, Athene, the goddess of wisdom, became much vexed that Arachne should make such a boast. "She is a foolish little girl," said Athene, "and I must teach her better."

One day as Arachne sat spinning, an old woman came up. It was Athene herself, but Arachne did not know it.

"You spin very well," said she, sitting down.

"Indeed I do, old woman," replied Arachne. "There is no one in the whole world who can equal me."

"Try to be more careful of your speech, my child," said the goddess gently.

"I have no need to be careful of my speech. Athene herself can not spin so well as I," said Arachne, as she gave the old woman a proud stare.

At this the old woman smiled. Then she rose and Arachne saw standing before her the great

goddess. At first Arachne turned scarlet. Then she turned pale. But in a moment her vanity came back.

"A contest," she cried. "I'll spin a contest against you."

Both set up their looms, and began to weave most beautiful pictures.

As Athene wove one could see a picture of her contest a short time before against the god Neptune. This contest had taken place in a beautiful city which was to be named for the god who gave it the best gift.

All the people were gathered together, with the gods among them. Neptune had struck the earth with his trident and a noble horse stood beside him. This was his gift to the city. Athene had stood with hand uplifted. She made a beautiful olive tree to grow before them. Athene had won. Let me tell you why. The horse was the sign of war and the olive the sign of peace. All the people understood, for peace is greater than war. The city is called Athens to this day.

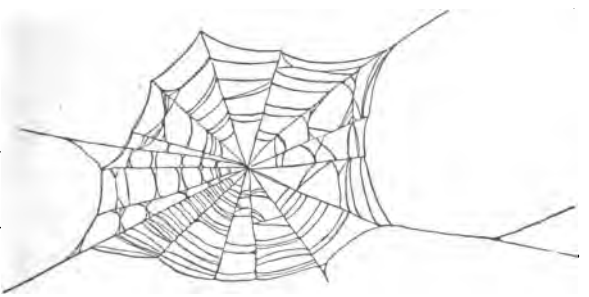
Just as Athene finished her picture she turned to look at Arachne's loom. She too had just

finished. Arachne had chosen to weave the story of Europa. Do you remember the little girl who was carried away by the great white bull? Arachne pictured the bull swimming in the ocean with the little Europa laughing as she sat on his back.

"You have done very well, Arachne," said the goddess, with a gentle touch of her hand. At that Arachne looked at Athene's picture. At the first glance she saw that her work could not compare with Athene's. She was so ashamed that she ran away and tried to kill herself.

Athene would not allow this, but changed Arachne into that industrious little insect, the spider. I am sure you have seen the beautiful colors in her web.

From Ovid. Adapted.



THE KAISERBLUMEN

By Celia Thaxter

Have you heard of the Kaiserblume,
O little children sweet,
That grows in the fields of Germany,
Light waving among the wheat?

'Tis only a simple flower,
But were I to try all day,
Its grace and charm and beauty
I couldn't begin to say.

By field and wood and roadside,
Delicate, hardy, and bold,
It scatters, in wild profusion,
Its blossoms manifold.

The children love it dearly,
And with dancing feet they go
To seek it with song and laughter;
And all the people know

Stern Kaiser Wilhelm loves it:
He said: "It shall honored be,
Henceforth 'tis the Kaiserblume,
The flower of Germany."

Then he bade his soldiers wear it,
Tied in a gay cockade,
And the quaint and humble blossom
His royal token made.

Said little Hans to Gretchen,
One summer morning fair,
As they played in the fields together,
And sang in the fragrant air:

"Oh, look at the Kaiserblumen
That grow in the grass so thick!
Let's gather our arms full, Gretchen,
And take to the Emperor, quick!

"For never were any so beautiful,
Waving so blue and bright."
So all they could carry they gathered,
Dancing with their delight.

Then under the blazing sunshine,
They trudged o'er the long, white road
That led to the Kaiser's palace,
With their gaily nodding load.

But long ere the streets of the city
They trod with their little feet,
As hot they grew, and as tired
As their corn-flowers bright and sweet.

And Gretchen's cheeks were rosy
With a weary travel stain,
And her tangled hair o'er her blue, blue eyes
Fell down in a golden rain.

And at last, all the nodding blossoms
Their shining heads hung down;
But, "Cheer up, Gretchen!" cried little Hans,
"We've almost reached the town.

"We'll knock at the door of the palace,
And won't he be glad to see
The flowers we've brought so far for him?
Think, Gretchen, how pleased he'll be!"

So they plodded patiently onward,
And with hands so soft and small,
They knocked at the palace portal,
And sweetly did cry and call:

"Please open the door, O Kaiser!
We've brought some flowers for you,
Our arms full of Kaiserblumen,
All gay and bright and blue!"

But nobody heeded or answered,
Till at last, a soldier grand
Bade the weary wanderers leave the gate,
With a gruff and stern command.

But, "No!" cried the children, weeping;
Though trembling and sore afraid,
And clasping their faded flowers,
"We *must* come in!" they said.

A lofty and splendid presence
The echoing stair came down;
To know the King there was no need
That he should wear a crown.

And the children cried: "O Kaiser,
We have brought your flowers so far!
And we are so tired and hungry!
See, Emperor, here they are!"

They held up their withered posies,
While into the Emperor's face
A beautiful light came stealing,
And he stooped with a stately grace;

Taking the ruined blossoms,
With gentle words and mild,
He comforted with kindness
The heart of each trembling child.

And that was a wonderful glory
That the little ones befell!
And when their heads are hoary,
They still will the story tell,

How they sat at the Kaiser's table,
And dined with princes and kings,
In that far-off day of splendor,
Filled full of marvelous things!

And home, when the sun was setting,
The happy twain were sent,
In a gleaming, golden carriage,
With horses magnificent.

And like the wildest vision
Of fairy-land it seemed,
Hardly could Hans and Gretchen
Believe they had not dreamed.

And even their children's children
Eager to hear will be,
How they carried to Kaiser Wilhelm
The flowers of Germany.

THE MILLER, HIS SON AND THE DONKEY

RETOLD FROM ÆSOP

I.

A farm-yard on a spring morning. The old Miller, who is almost blind, comes from the house. His little son leads a playful donkey from the shed.

Miller. Hast thou watered the beast, my son?

Son. Ay, father, as well as I could. (*Shakes water from his sleeve.*)

Miller. How, now? At his old tricks again? (*Feels his son's wet jacket.*) It seems to me he has watered thee! (*Looks carefully at the donkey.*) Hast thou fed him?

Son. There was no need. He had been at the oats himself.

Miller. (*Shaking his fist.*) I'll stand this no longer! He'll be sold this day!

Son. O, let me take him to the fair! (*Throws up his cap.*)

Miller. Thou wouldst never come home alive. We'll both go! (*Takes the rope and they start off down the road.*)

II

The Miller and his son lead the donkey between them. They meet an old woman hobbling along on her cane.

Son. Here comes my grand dame, father. (*Both doff their caps.*)

Old Woman. Where art thou going, son-in-law?

Miller. To the fair.

Old Woman. Walking to the fair with that poor child? Thou wilt kill him! (*Shakes her cane at him.*)

Miller. Up, son! The donkey shall carry thee. (*The son seats himself on the donkey.*)

Old Woman. Now, that is better! Thou must be more kind to thy motherless boy!

Miller. I thank thee! I thank thee, good dame! Thou knowest my son is the apple of my eye.

Old Woman. Ay, ay, son-in-law. Thou art a kind man and father. Good luck to thee! (*Hobbles on.*)

III

Miller. A good woman! I'm glad she spoke.

I would not have her say I was unkind to thee. (*They go on.*)

Son. Thou art the best father in the world! Thou art not unkind!

Miller. Who comes in the cart?

Son. 'Tis the schoolmaster. (*The schoolmaster stops his cart. Miller and son touch their caps.*)

Schoolmaster. Tut, tut, boy! What is this? Hast thou no respect for thy father?

Miller. Put the blame on his grand dame. She thought it would kill the boy to walk to the fair.

Schoolmaster. Dost thee not know that a grand dame always spoils the grandchild? Thee must train him to respect his elders. Thee should ride.

Miller. That is true! I thank thee for thy advice. Son, it looks not well. Thee must get down. (*Miller mounts the donkey.*)

Son. I am glad thee spoke as thee did, schoolmaster. It is much better that I walk than that my father should.

Schoolmaster. Well said, my boy. Good day! (*Drives on.*)

IV

Miller. The schoolmaster is right. Thy grand dame loves thee too dearly.

Son. Here come two women from the fair. (*Two old women with heavy bundles come along. They talk earnestly.*)

Miller. What are they saying?

Son. I know not. They are pointing at us.

Miller. Let us listen. (*Stops the donkey.*)

First Old Woman. Just what I was thinking! Speak to the lazy man.

Second Old Woman. Why do you ride and make your poor little boy walk? He can hardly keep up with you.

Miller. Then he, too, shall ride. Up, son, in front of me. (*The son climbs on the donkey's back.*)

First Old Woman. Now, child, do thou stay there!

Second Old Woman. What selfish brutes men are! (*They walk on with their bundles.*)

V

Miller. The donkey will sell all the better for

this. He'll be too tired to play any tricks at the fair. (*They ride on.*)

Son. Father, a man is running after us.

Miller. Whoa! Whoa! (*Man runs up.*) Good day, sir! What can I do for thee?

Man. Is that beast yours?

Miller. Oh, yes!

Man. One would never think so by the way you load him. Why, you two are better able to carry him than he you. You are only fit for the jail.

Miller. We will please thee if we can. (*They dismount.*) How can we carry him?

Man. Easy enough. Tie his hind legs and carry him on a pole. (*He goes on.*)

Son. See, father, here is a strong pole by the bridge.

Miller. That is just the thing! It is well we brought the halter with the long rope. (*Cuts it.*) Tie him loosely. (*Leads the donkey to the bridge, where the son ties his legs together.*)

Son. Now, that is done! We must be quick when we turn him over.

Miller. Ready—one—two—(*The donkey kicks*

the ropes off, jumps into the stream and is drowned.)

Both. What shall we do!

Miller. That's what one gets by trying to please everybody!

THE CRICKET AND THE ANT

A silly young Cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty, and winter had come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could be seen;
Not a leaf on the tree.
"Oh, what will become"—says the Cricket—
"of me?"

At last, by despair and by famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly Ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant

Him shelter from rain,
Or a mouthful of grain;
He wished only to borrow,
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.

Says the Ant to the Cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we Ants never borrow, we Ants never lend.
Yet tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Says the Cricket, "Not I!
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay—"
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go, then," says the Ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket,
And out of the door turned the poor little Cricket.

Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must go without food.

FRANKLIN AND THE WHARF

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

I

In the year 1716 a boy used to be seen in the streets of Boston who was known among his playmates as Benjamin Franklin. He was ten years old.

His father, who had come over from England, was a soap boiler and tallow candle maker. He found it hard to get bread for his family. Ben was taken from school to help. He cut the candle wicks into equal lengths and filled the molds with tallow. Many families in Boston spent their evenings by the light of the candles which Benjamin Franklin had helped to make.

Ben still found time to play with his former school-fellows. They were very fond of fishing. The place where they fished was a mill-pond on the outskirts of the town. The edge of the water where the boys had to stand while they fished was deep in mud.

"This is very uncomfortable," said Ben Franklin one day to his comrades.

"So it is," said one of them. "What a pity it is we have no better place to stand!"

If it had not been for Ben, nothing more would have been done or said about the matter. But it was not his way to let things go if there were any way of bettering them.

"Boys," cried he, "I have thought of a plan." The other boys were ready to listen at once. They felt sure that Ben's plan would be a good one.

They all remembered how he had sailed across the mill-pond by lying flat on his back in the water and holding to his kite string. If Ben could do that, he could do almost anything.

"What is your plan, Ben? What is it?" cried they all.

II

It so happened that the boys were standing where a new house was to be built. A great many large stones which were to be used in building lay about. Ben jumped upon one of these and began to speak.

"Now I propose," said he, "that we build a

wharf to help us in our fishing. You see these stones. The workmen intend to use them for building a house. But that will make them of use only to one man.

"My plan is to carry these same stones to the edge of the water and build a wharf with them. That will help us in our fishing and will also be convenient for boats passing up and down the stream. Thus the stones will be of use to many instead of one. What say you, boys? Shall we build the wharf?"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted all the boys. "Let's begin."

None of them stopped to think that they had no right to build their wharf with stones belonging to another person. They all agreed to be on hand that evening to carry out their great plan.

At the time set, the boys came to the place and began to move the stones toward the water. This was much harder work than they had expected. But Ben Franklin thought of ways to make the work easier, and he kept them all in good spirits by his jokes and laughter.

After an hour or two of hard work, the stones

had all been moved to the waterside. Then Benjamin was the one to show how they should be put together in the best way. At last the great work was finished.

"Now, boys," cried Ben, "let's give three cheers and go home to bed. To-morrow we can catch fish without so much trouble."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted his comrades.

Then all went home to sleep after their hard labors.

III

In the morning the workmen came to go on with the building of the house. But on reaching the spot they looked in vain for the heap of stones. What could have become of them?

"Why, Sam," said one to another, "this is very queer. Do you suppose the stones flew away last night?"

"More likely they have been stolen," replied Sam.

"Who would think of stealing a heap of stones?" cried a third.

AT LAST THE GREAT WORK WAS FINISHED

Meanwhile the head workman had noticed the prints of feet making a beaten path to the water-side. Now he saw what had become of the stones.

It was not long before the boys' fathers knew what they had done. You may be sure that the boys were sorry then. As for Ben, he was more afraid of what his father would say than he was of the worst whipping.

"Benjamin," said his father, "how could you take those stones which did not belong to you? What could have made you do it?"

"Why, father," replied Ben, "I thought that the stones would be useful to more people as a wharf than as a house. Only one man could enjoy the house, but all the boys and the people going up and down the stream in boats would enjoy the wharf."

"My son," said Mr. Franklin, "you did very wrong in taking what did not belong to you. Never think for a moment that good will come of doing wrong. Remember that nothing but evil will ever come out of evil deeds. Do not forget this lesson."

"I will never forget it again," said Benjamin, bowing his head.

In all his later life he was famous for the same things that made him a leader among boys, but he never forgot the lesson he had learned from his father.

Adapted.

MARJORIE'S ALMANAC

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Robins in the tree-top,
  Blossoms in the grass,
Green things a-growing
  Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes,
  Showers of silver dew,
Black bough and bent twig
  Budding out anew;
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
  Fringed elm, and larch,—
Don't you think that May-time's
  Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard
  Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
  Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses faint with sweetness,
  Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs
  Haunting every place;
Lengths of golden sunshine,
  Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that summer's
  Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch
  Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side
  Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes
  Bursting through the rind;
Red leaf and gold leaf
  Rustling down the wind;
Mother "doin' peaches"
  All the afternoon,—
Don't you think that autumn's
  Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight
Shadows come and go;
Merry chime of sleigh-bells
Tinkling through the snow;
Mother knitting stockings,
Pussy's got the ball,
Don't you think that winter's
Pleasanter than all?

THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH

By Alphonse Daudet

I

That morning I was late in going to school and was much afraid of being scolded. Master Hamel had said to us that he would question us on verbs, and I did not know the first word of them. Once the thought came to me to miss the class and make my way across the fields.

The day was so warm, so bright! One heard the blackbirds whistle in the border of the woods, and in the meadow, behind the sawmill, the Prussians, who were drilling.

I liked this much more than verbs; but I did not dare to stop, so I ran quickly toward the school.

Passing the mayor's office I saw that everybody stopped near the bulletin-board. For two years it is there that we have come for all the bad news of lost battles.

"What is there now?" I thought without stopping.

Then as I crossed the place on a run, Wachter, the blacksmith, who was there reading the notice, cried out to me, "Don't hurry so much, little one. Thou wilt arrive soon enough at thy school!"

I thought that he was laughing at me and I entered all out of breath into the little yard of Master Hamel's school.

Usually at the beginning of the school a great racket was made. One could hear as far as the street the opening and closing of the desks and the lessons being repeated in a high voice all

together, and the big ruler of the master who tapped upon the table: "A little less noise, please!"

I hoped to be able to take my bench without being seen. But this day all was peaceful as on a Sunday morning.

Through the open window I saw my school-fellows already in their places, and Master Hamel with the terrible iron-bound rule under his arm.

As I entered, Master Hamel looked at me without anger and said very softly, "Go to thy place quickly, my little Franz. We were going to begin without thee."

I crowded into the bench and seated myself at once at my desk. When I recovered a little from my fright, I noticed that our master wore his beautiful frock-coat, his finely ruffled frill and his black silk embroidered cap.

But what surprised me most was to see some of the village people seated on the benches at the end of the room. There were old Hauser with his three-cornered hat, the old mayor, the old postman and still others. Everybody there seemed very sad. Hauser had brought an old

A-B-C book, frayed at the edges, that he held wide open on his knees, with his big glasses laid down across the pages.

II

While I was thus wondering at all this, Master Hamel took his place and in the same soft and grave voice with which he had received me, said to us:

"My children, this is the last day that I shall teach you. The order has come from Berlin that only German shall be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new master will come to-morrow. To-day is your last lesson in French. I pray you to be very attentive."

These few words greatly excited me. Ah, the wretches, that is what they had posted at the mayor's office!

My last lesson in French! I, who hardly knew how to write! I should never learn now! How I now longed for lost time, for the lessons missed while rambling after birds' nests or while making sliding places on the river Saar! My books that

just now I had found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, seemed to me like old friends. So with Master Hamel. The idea that he was going to leave, that I should see him no more, made me forget the punishments, the blows of the ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honor of this last day of school that he had put on his fine Sunday clothes. And now I understood why these old people of the village had come to seat themselves at the end of the room. It was as if to say that they regretted not to have come more often to this school. It was in a way to thank our master for his forty years of good service and to pay their debt to the country that was going away.

Just as I was thinking this I heard my name called. What would I not have given to have been able to say the rules very loudly, very clearly, without a mistake! But I could not say a word and stood at my bench, my heart swelling, not daring to raise my head. I heard Master Hamel say to me:

"I shall not scold thee, my little Franz. Thou art punished enough. Every day one has said:

'I have plenty of time. I shall learn to-morrow.' And now we see what happens."

Then Master Hamel began to speak to us of the French language, saying it was the most beautiful tongue in the world. He hoped we should never forget it, because when a people fell enslaved, as long as they could speak their mother tongue they held the key to their prison.

Then he took a grammar and read our lesson to us. I was surprised to see how I understood. All that he said seemed so easy to me. I believe, too, that I never before had listened so well. One would have said that the poor man before going away wished to give us all his learning.

III

This lesson ended, he passed to writing. For that day Master Hamel had prepared new copies upon which were written in a beautiful, round hand,

France: Alsace
France: Alsace

These were made like little flags which floated all about the school, hanging to the curtain rods of

our desks. One should have seen how each child worked, and what silence! One heard only the scratching of pens upon the paper. Once some May-bugs came in but no one gave any attention to them, not even the smallest pupils. On the roof of the school some pigeons were cooing low, saying to me as I listened:

"Shall we, too, be obliged to sing in German?"

From time to time, when I looked up from the page, I saw Master Hamel, gazing at the objects around him as if he wished to carry away in his looks all the little school-room.

Think of it! for forty years he had been there, in the same place, with the yard and the school before him. Only the benches, the desks, were smoothed, rubbed by use; the walnut trees in the yard had grown, and the hops that he had himself planted now garlanded the windows clear to the roof. What a heart-break it would be for this poor man to leave all these things!

Nevertheless he had the courage to hear our lessons to the end. After the writing we had the history lesson. Then the little ones chanted their *ba, be, bi, bo, bu.* Down there at the end of the

room old Hauser put on his spectacles, and, holding his primer with both hands, he spelled the letters with them. One saw that he also was studying. His voice trembled and it was so droll to hear him that we all wished to laugh—and to cry.

Ah, I shall remember that last class!

All at once the church clock struck noon. At the same instant the trumpets of the Prussians, returning from drill, sounded under our windows.

Master Hamel rose, pale, from his desk. Never had he appeared to me so grand.

"My friends," said he, "my friends, I—I—"

But something choked him. He could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned toward the blackboard, took a piece of chalk, and bearing upon it with all his strength, he wrote as large as he could:

"Vive la France!"

Then he stood there, his head leaning against the wall, and, without speaking, with his hand he gave the sign to us:

"It is ended—go away."

Abridged.

AH, I SHALL REMEMBER THAT LAST CLASS!

AMERICA

By Samuel F. Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

BLACK BEAUTY

By Anna Sewell

I was now beginning to grow handsome. My coat had become fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead.

Squire Gordon said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is; therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just

the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on. Then a cart or wagon is fixed behind, so that he can not walk or trot without dragging it after him. And he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes.

He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own. He must always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired and hungry. The worst of all is, that when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had, of course, long been used to a halter and head-stall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly. Now I was to have a bit and bridle.

My master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a bad thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths can not think how it feels. A great piece

of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger is pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth, and over one's tongue. The ends come out at the corners of one's mouth, and are held fast there by

straps over the head, under the throat, round the nose, and under the chin, so that no way in the world can one get rid of the hard thing.

It is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so. But I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up. So, what with my master's pats, kind words and gentle ways, I grew used to wearing my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head. He then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time. Then I had a few oats, then a little leading about. He did this every day till I began to look for the oats and the saddle.

At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer. But I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes. That, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge.

The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after another, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and drove some nails through it quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I grew used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness. There were more new things to wear. First, a stiff, heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle.

Next, there was a small saddle with a stiff strap that went right under my tail. That was the crupper. I hated the crupper,—to have my long tail doubled up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but, of course, I could not kick such a good master. So in time I became used to everything.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered of very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the fence which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance. Before I knew whence it came,—with a rush and a clatter, and

a puffing out of smoke,—a long train flew by. It was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood, snorting with astonishment and fear.

In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly. Now and then a train drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before it stopped. I thought this very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace. But as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and very restive at the sight or sound of a steam-engine. But thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now, if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than could a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master.

"But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men. There are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve. And there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant and careless, who never trouble themselves to think. Such men spoil many horses, just for want of sense. They don't mean to do it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands.

"But a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him. It is all chance for us. Still, I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

It was early in May, when there came a man

who took me away to the Hall. My master said, "Good-by, Darkie; be a good horse, and always do your best." I could not say "good-by," so I put my nose into his hand; he patted me kindly, and I left my first home.

Abridged.

MILKING TIME

By Christina Rossetti

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose, and sits all sunny.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

By Clement C. Moore

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutter, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick!

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,—
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound:
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how
merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the
snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his
work,

And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

A MAD TEA PARTY

By Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson)

I

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep. The other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice, "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room!" said Alice, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some jam," the March Hare said.

Alice looked all around the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any jam," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was your table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair needs cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," said Alice. "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he said was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles. I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at

least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit," said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see.'"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like.'"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe.'"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

II

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his

pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then and holding it to his ear.

Alice thought a little and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong," sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the best butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled.

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily. Then he dipped it into his cup of tea and looked at it again, but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the best butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is."

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does your watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with mine," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English.

"I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily

"I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

From "Alice in Wonderland."

FABLE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig";
Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather,
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I can not carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT

By Hans Christian Andersen

I

I will tell you a story that was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I think of this story it seems to me more and more pleasing, for it is with some stories as it is with many people—they become better as they grow older.

If you lived in Denmark you might, by going into almost any country place, see an old farmhouse such as I am about to describe. It has a thatched roof upon which mosses and small wild plants grow; and on the ridge of the gable there is a stork's nest—for country people there can not do without storks.

The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made to open. The baking oven sticks out of the wall like a great knob. An elder-tree hangs over the palings; and beneath its branches, at the foot of the palings, is a pool of water, in

which a few ducks are commonly splashing. There is a yard dog, too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farm-house as this stood by a country lane; and in it dwelt an old couple, a peasant and his wife. Small as their possessions were, they owned one thing which they could not do without, and that was a horse. The old peasant rode into town upon this horse, and his neighbors often borrowed it of him, and paid for the loan of it by doing some kindness for the old couple.

There came a time, however, when the good man began to think that it would be as well to sell the horse, to exchange it for something which might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know best, father," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day; so ride into town, and get rid of the horse. Sell him for money, or make a good exchange. I know that whatever you do will be right."

It was a fine morning and the old man looked forward with pleasure to his ride to the fair and to making a good bargain there.

His wife fastened his neckerchief for him; for she could do that better than he. She also smoothed his hat round and round with the palm

of her hand, and gave him a kiss. Then he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or bartered for something else. Yes, the good man knew what he was about.

The sun shone with great heat, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty; for a number of people, all going to the fair were driving, riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the hot sunshine. Among the rest, a man came trudging along and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I am certain," said the peasant to himself. "That would be a very good exchange,—the cow for the horse. I say, there! you with the cow," cried he aloud; "everybody knows that a horse is of more value than a cow, but I don't care for that. A cow will be more useful to me; so, if you like, we will exchange."

"Certainly," said the man; "the horse will suit me exactly."

So the exchange was made; and as the matter was settled, the peasant might have turned back;

for he had done the business he came to do. But as he had set out expecting to go to the fair, he determined that he would not change his plans; and so on he went to the town with his cow. Leading the animal, he strode on sturdily, and soon overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant. "There is plenty of grass for him by our palings, and in winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be better to have a sheep than a cow. Shall I exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was quickly made. And then our peasant continued his way on the highroad with the sheep.

II

Soon after this, he overtook a man who was carrying a large goose under his arm. "What a heavy creature you have there!" said the peasant; "it has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, or pad-

dling in the water at our place. My old woman could make all sorts of gain out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now here is a chance, and, if possible, I will get it for her. Shall we exchange? I will give you my sheep for your goose, and thanks into the bargain."

The other did not mind in the least; and so the exchange was made, and our peasant became the owner of the goose.

By this time he had come very near the town. The crowd on the highroad had been gradually increasing, and there was a rush of men and cattle. The cattle walked on the path and by the palings, and at the turnpike gate they even walked into the gate-keeper's potato field, where one fowl was fluttering about, with a string tied to its leg, for fear it should take fright at the crowd, and run away and get lost.

The tail feathers of this fowl were very short, and it winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning as it said, "Cluck, cluck!" What were the thoughts of the fowl as it said this, I can not tell you; but as soon as our good man saw it,

he thought, "Why, that's the finest fowl I ever saw in my life; it's finer than our parson's brood hen, upon my word. I should like to have that fowl. Fowls can always pick up a few grains that lie about, and almost keep themselves. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get it for my goose. Shall we exchange?" he asked the gate-keeper.

"Exchange?" repeated the gate-keeper. "Well, it would not be a bad thing."

And so they made an exchange; the gate-keeper kept the goose, and the peasant, well pleased with his bargain, carried off the fowl.

Now our good man had really done a great deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat and drink; so he turned his steps to an inn. He was just about to enter, when the hostler came out, and they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack. "What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler. "A whole sackful of them. They will do to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that would be a terrible waste," the peasant replied; "I should like to take them home to my good wife. Last year the old apple-tree by the grass-plot only bore one apple, and we kept it in the cupboard till it was quite withered and rotten. It was always property, my good wife said; and here she would see a whole sackful of property; I should like to show the apples to her."

"What will you give me for them?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? Well, I will give you my fowl."

So he gave up the fowl and received the apples, which he carried into the inn parlor. He put down the sack carefully near the fire, and then went to the table. But the fire was hot, and he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse-dealers, cattle drovers, and two Englishmen, so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold.

"Hiss-s-s, hiss-s-s." What could that be by the fire? The apples were beginning to burn.

"What is that?" asked one.

"I declare," said our peasant, "they are the rotten apples which I intended to carry home to my wife!"

And then he told them the whole story of the horse, which he had exchanged for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your good wife will give it to you soundly when you get home," said one of the Englishmen.

"What!" cried the peasant. "Why, she will only kiss me, and say that what I do is always right!"

"Let us lay a wager on it," said the Englishmen. "We'll wager you a ton of coined gold, a hundred pounds to the hundredweight, against your rotten apples, that she'll give you a very different reception from that."

"No; a bushel will be enough," answered the peasant. "I have only a bushel of apples, and I'll throw myself and my good woman into the bargain; that will pile up the measure, you know."

"Very well," said the Englishmen. And so the wager was taken.

III

Then a coach was brought round to the door, and the two Englishmen and the peasant got in, and away they drove. It was not very long till they arrived at the peasant's cottage.

"Good evening, good wife," said the peasant.

"Good evening, kind husband," she answered.

"I've disposed of the horse," said he.

"Ah, well, you understand what you're about," said the woman. Then she kissed him, and paid no attention to the strangers, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse."

"Oh, how delightful," said she. "Now we shall have plenty of milk and butter and cheese on the table. That was a capital exchange."

"Yes; but I exchanged the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything; we have just enough pasture for a sheep. And only think of the woolen jackets and stockings! The cow could not give us these, and her hairs only fall off. How you do think of everything!"

"But I made another exchange, and gave the sheep for a goose."

"Then we shall have a roast goose to eat on Christmas. You dear old man, you are always thinking of something to please me. This is delightful! We can let the goose walk about with a string tied to her leg, so she will be fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl."

"A fowl! Well, that was a good exchange," answered the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall soon have a poultry-yard. Oh, this is just what I have been wishing for!"

"Yes; but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of rotten apples."

"What! How very wise and kind you are!" said the wife. "My dear, good husband, now I'll tell you something. Do you know, almost as soon as you left me this morning, I began to think of what I could give you for supper this evening, and then I thought of fried eggs and bacon, with sweet herbs. I had the eggs and bacon, but I lacked the herbs.

"So I went over to the schoolmaster's; I knew that they had plenty of herbs, but the schoolmaster's wife doesn't always like to lend, although she can smile so sweetly. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs.

"'Lend!' she cried, 'I have nothing to lend. I could not even lend you a rotten apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful."

And then she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Well, I like this," said both the Englishmen; "always going down hill, and yet always merry; it's worth the money to see it."

So they paid a hundredweight of gold to the peasant, who, whatever he did, was never scolded.

Adapted.

A SUDDEN SHOWER

By James Whitcomb Riley

Barefooted boys scud up the streets,
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;
And schoolgirl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

A SUDDEN SHOWER

Doors bang; and mother-voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt,—the rain! the rain!—
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window-pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumble-bee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly, in spattered brown,
The cricket leaps the garden walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rosebush stands
A drooping rooster on one leg.

THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

By Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm

There was once a donkey whose master had made him carry sacks to the mill for many a long year, but whose strength began at last to fail, so that each day as it came found him less able to work.

Then his master began to think of turning him out, but the donkey, guessing that something was wrong, ran away, taking the road to Bremen. There he thought he might get an engagement as town musician. When he had gone a little way he found a dog lying by the side of the road, panting, as if he had run a long way.

"Now, Holdfast, what are you so out of breath about?" said the donkey.

"Oh dear!" said the dog, "now I am old, I get weaker every day, and can do no good in the hunt, so, as my master was going to have me killed, I have made my escape; but now, how am I to gain a living?"

"I will tell you what," said the donkey. "I

am going to Bremen to become town musician. You may as well go with me, and take up music, too. I can play the lute, and you can beat the drum."

The dog consented, and so they walked on together. It was not long before they came to a cat sitting in the road, looking as dismal as three wet days.

"Now then, what is the matter with you?" said the donkey.

"I should like to know who would be cheerful when his neck is in danger," answered the cat. "Now that I am old my teeth are getting blunt, and I would rather sit by the oven and purr than run about after mice. My mistress wanted to drown me, so I took myself off. But good advice is scarce, and I do not know what is to become of me."

"Come with us to Bremen," said the donkey, "and be town musician. You understand serenading."

The cat thought well of the idea, and went with them accordingly. After that the three travelers passed by a yard, where a cock was

perched on the gate, crowing with all his might.

"Your cries are enough to pierce bone and marrow," said the donkey; "what is the matter?"

"I have foretold good weather so that all the shirts may be washed and dried. Now on Sunday morning company is coming, and the mistress has told the cook that I must be made into soup. This evening my neck is to be wrung, so that I am crowing with all my might while I can."

"You had much better go with us, Chanticleer," said the donkey. "We are going to Bremen. At any rate that will be better than dying. You have a powerful voice, and when we are all performing together it will have a very good effect."

So the cock consented, and they all four went on together.

But Bremen was too far off to be reached in one day. Towards evening they came to a wood, where they determined to pass the night. The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree; the cat got up among the branches, and the cock

flew up to the top, as that was the safest place for him. Before he went to sleep he looked all round him to the four points of the compass, and saw in the distance a little light shining, and he called to his companions that there must be a house not far off, as he could see a light. So the donkey said,

"We had better get up and go there, for these are uncomfortable quarters." The dog began to fancy that a few bones, not quite bare, would do him good. So they all set off in the direction of the light. It grew larger and brighter, until at last it led them to a robber's house, all lighted up. The donkey being the biggest, went up to the window, and looked in.

"Well, what do you see?" asked the dog.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "I see a table set out with fine food, and robbers sitting at it and making themselves very comfortable."

"That would just suit us," said the cock.

"Yes, indeed, I wish we were there," said the donkey. Then they consulted together how they should manage so as to get the robbers out of

the house, and at last they hit on a plan. The donkey was to place his fore feet on the window-sill, the dog was to get on the donkey's back, the cat on top of the dog, and lastly the cock was to fly up and perch on the cat's head. When that was done, at a given signal they all began to perform their music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed; then they burst through into the room, breaking all the panes of glass.

The robbers ran at the dreadful sound; they thought it was some goblin, and fled to the wood in the utmost terror. Then the four companions sat down to table, and feasted as if they had been hungry for a month.

When they had finished they put out the lights, and each sought a sleeping place to suit himself. The donkey laid himself down outside the door, the dog lay behind the door, the cat stretched on the hearth by the warm ashes, and the cock settled himself in the loft. As they were all tired with their long journey they soon fell fast asleep.

Midnight drew near, and the robbers saw from afar that no light was burning. Their captain said

to them that he thought that they had run away without reason.

So one of them went, and found everything quite quiet. He went into the kitchen to strike a light, and taking the glowing fiery eyes of the cat for burning coals, he held a match to them in order to kindle it.

But the cat, not seeing the joke, flew into his face, spitting and scratching. Then he cried out in terror, and ran to get out at the back door.

The dog, who was lying there, ran at him and bit his leg. As he was rushing through the yard the donkey struck out and gave him a great kick with his hind foot; the cock, who had been wakened with the noise, and felt brisk, cried out, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The robber returned as well as he could to his captain, and said, "Oh, dear! in that house there is a witch. I felt her breath and her long nails in my face. By the door there stands a man, who stabbed me in the leg with a knife. In the yard there lies a black fellow, who beat me with his wooden club.

"Above, upon the roof, there sits the justice, who cried, 'Bring that rogue here!' And so I ran away from the place as fast as I could."

From that time forward the robbers never ventured to that house, and the four Bremen town musicians found themselves so well off where they were, that there they stayed. And the person who last told this tale is still living, as you see.

Adapted.

SWEET AND LOW

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

A LETTER TO MAY

By Thomas Hood

Monday, April 6, 1844.

My Dear May,—I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget, as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved.

Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers"! for then, of course, you would give me another pretty little nosegay.

Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night when I came home from Stratford, the cold shriveled me up so, that when I got home I thought I was my own child!

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas. I mean to come in my ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. There will be doings! And then such good things to eat; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for the plump pudding, instead of a plum one. Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy.

Your affectionate lover,

Thomas Hood.

The funniest thing in the world, I know,
Is watching the monkeys in the show!—
Jumping and running and racing 'round,
Up at the top of the pole, then down!
First they're here, and then they're there,
And just almost any and everywhere!—
Screeching and scratching wherever they go,
They're the funniest things in the world, I know!

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE SHEPHERD

By William Blake

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful; while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

By Hans Christian Andersen

I

It was glorious out in the country. It was summer; the corn-fields were yellow, the oats were green, the hay had been put up in stacks in the green meadows. The stork went about on his long red legs, and chattered Egyptian, for this was the language he had learned from his good mother. Yes, it was glorious out in the country.

In the midst of the sunshine there lay an old farm, with deep canals about it. From the wall down to the water grew great burdocks, so high that little children could stand upright under the loftiest of them. Here sat a duck upon her nest; she had to hatch her ducklings; but she was almost tired out before the little ones came.

At last one egg-shell after another burst open. "Peep! peep!" it cried, and in all the eggs there were little creatures that stuck out their heads.

"Quack! quack!" they said; and they all came quacking out as fast as they could, looking all

round them under the green leaves. Their mother let them look as much as they chose, for green is good for the eyes.

"How wide the world is!" said all the young ones, for they certainly had much more room now than when they were in the eggs.

"Do you think this is all the world?" asked the mother. "That stretches far across the other side of the garden, quite into the parson's field; but I have never been there yet. I hope you are all together," and she stood up. "No, I have not all. The largest egg still lies there. How long is that to last? I am really tired of it." And she sat down again.

"Well, how goes it?" asked an old duck who had come to pay her a visit.

"It lasts a long time with that one egg," said the mother. "It will not burst. Now only look at the others; are not they the prettiest little ducks one could possibly see?"

"Let me see the egg that will not burst," said the visitor. "You may be sure it is a turkey's egg. I was once cheated in that way, and had much anxiety and trouble with the young ones,

for they are afraid of the water. Must I say it to you, I could not get them to venture in. I quacked and I clacked, but it was no use. Let me see the egg. Yes, that's a turkey's egg. Let it lie there. You would better be teaching the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little longer," said the mother. "I've sat so long now that I can sit a few days more."

"Just as you please," said the old duck, and she went away.

II

At last the great egg burst. "Peep! peep!" said the little one, and crept forth. It was very large and gray and ugly. The mother looked at it.

"It's a very large duckling," said she; "none of the others looks like that. Can it really be a turkey chick? Well, we shall soon find out. It must go into the water, even if I have to thrust it in myself."

On the next day the weather was beautiful. The sun shone on all the green trees. The mother-duck went down to the canal with all her family.

Splash! she jumped into the water. "Quack! quack!" she said, and one duckling after another plunged in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up in an instant, and swam finely. The ugly gray duckling swam with them.

"No, it's not a turkey," said she; "look how well it can use its legs, and how straight it holds itself! It is my own child! On the whole it's quite pretty, if one looks at it rightly. Quack! quack! come with me, and I'll lead you into the duck-yard. Keep close to me, so that no one may tread on you, and take care of the cats!"

And so they came into the duck-yard. There was a terrible noise going on in there. Two families were quarreling about a fish head, and the cat got it after all.

"See, that's how it goes in the world!" said the mother-duck, wiping her beak. She, too, wanted the fish head. "Now use your legs," she said. "See that you keep together, and bow your heads before the old duck yonder. She's the grandest of all here. See! she has a red rag round her leg; that's the highest honor a duck can enjoy. Shake yourselves—don't turn

in your toes; a well brought-up duck turns its toes quite out, just like father and mother—so! Now bend your necks and say, 'Quack!'"

And they did so; but the other ducks round about looked at them, and said boldly:

"Look there! now we're to have these hanging on. There were not enough of us already! And—fie!—how that duckling yonder looks; we won't stand that!" And one duck flew up at it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother, "it does no harm to any one."

"The other ducklings are graceful enough," said the old duck. "Make yourself at home; and if you find a fish head, you may bring it to me."

And now they were at home. But the poor Duckling which had crept last out of the egg, and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and jeered, as much by the ducks as by the chickens.

III

So it went on the first day; and afterwards it became worse and worse. The poor Duckling

was hunted about by every one; even its brothers and sisters were unkind to it. The ducks bit it, and the chickens beat it, and the girl who had to feed the poultry kicked at it with her foot.

Then it ran, and flew over the fence, and the little birds in the bushes started up in fear.

"That is because I am so ugly!" thought the Duckling; and it shut its eyes, but flew on farther, and so it came out to the swamp, where the wild ducks lived.

Here it lay for two whole days. Then came two wild geese.

"Listen," said one of them. "You're so ugly that I like you. Will you go with us, and fly away south?"

"Piff! paff!" sounded a gun; and the two geese fell down dead in the swamp, and the water became blood red. "Piff! paff!" it sounded again, and a whole flock of wild geese rose up from the reeds. And then there was another report. A great hunt was going on. The hunting-dogs came—splash, splash!—into the swamp, and the rushes and the reeds bent down on every side. That was a fright for the poor

Duckling! It turned its head, and put it under its wing. At that moment a great dog stood close by the Duckling. He thrust out his nose close against it, showed his sharp teeth, and—splash, splash!—on he went, without, however, seizing it.

"Oh, Heaven be thanked!" sighed the Duckling. "I am so ugly that even the dog does not like to bite me!"

And so it lay quite quiet. At last, late in the day, the poor Duckling hastened away out of the swamp as fast as it could.

IV

Towards evening the Duckling came to a little hut. Here lived a woman, with her cat and her hen. And the cat, whom she called Sonnie, could arch his back and purr. He could even give out sparks if one stroked his fur the wrorg way. The hen had little, short legs, and therefore she was called Chickabiddy Shortshanks. She laid good eggs, and the woman loved her as her own child.

In the morning when they saw the strange

Duckling the cat began to purr and the hen to cluck.

"What's this?" said the woman, and looked all round. She could not see well, and therefore she thought the Duckling was a fat duck that had strayed. "This is a rare prize!" she said. "Now I shall have duck's eggs."

And so the Duckling was kept on trial for three weeks; but no eggs came.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No."

"Then will you hold your tongue?"

And the cat said, "Can you curve your back? Can you purr? Can you give out sparks?"

"No."

"Then you should keep still."

So the Duckling sat in a corner and was very unhappy. But the fresh air and the sunshine streamed in; and it was seized with a strange longing to swim on the water.

"I think I will go out into the wide world," said the Duckling.

"Yes, do go," replied the hen.

And so the Duckling went away. It swam on

the water, and dived, but it was slighted by every creature because of its ugliness.

V

Now came the autumn. The leaves in the forest turned yellow and brown; the clouds hung heavy with snowflakes. One evening—the sun was just setting in his beauty—there came a whole flock of great, handsome birds out of the bushes. They were dazzlingly white, with long, slender necks—they were swans. They uttered a queer cry and spread forth their glorious, great wings. Then they flew away to warmer lands. They mounted so high, so high! The ugly Duckling felt strangely as it watched them.

It turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched out its neck towards them, and gave such a strange, loud cry as frightened itself. It knew not the name of those birds, and knew not where they were flying; but it loved them more than it had ever loved any one. And the winter grew cold, very cold! The Duckling was forced to swim about in the water to prevent the surface from freezing entirely. Every night

the hole in which it swam about became smaller and smaller. It froze so hard that the icy covering crackled again; and the Duckling was obliged to use its legs continually to prevent the hole from freezing up. At last it was worn out and lay quite still, and thus froze fast into the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant came by. When he saw what had happened, he took his wooden shoe, broke the ice crust to pieces, and carried the Duckling home to his wife.

Then it came to itself again. The children wanted to play with it; but the Duckling thought they wanted to hurt it, and in its terror fluttered up into the milk-pan, so that the milk spurted down into the room. The woman clapped her hands, at which the Duckling flew down into the butter-tub, and then into the meal barrel and out again. How it looked then! The woman screamed, and struck at it with the fire tongs. The children tumbled over one another in their efforts to catch the Duckling. How they laughed and screamed! Well it was that the door stood open, and the poor creature was able to slip out

between the shrubs into the newly-fallen snow. There it lay, almost dead.

But it would be too sad if I were to tell all the trouble which the Duckling had during the hard winter. It was lying out on the meadow among the reeds, when the sun began to shine again. The larks sang. It was a beautiful spring.

All at once the Duckling could flap its wings. They beat the air more strongly than before, and before it well knew how all this happened, it found itself in a great garden, where the elder-trees smelt sweet, and bent their long, green branches down to the canal that wound through the region. Oh, here it was so beautiful! From the reeds came three, glorious, white swans. They rustled their wings, and swam lightly on the water. The Duckling knew the beautiful birds, and was filled with a strange sadness.

"I will fly to them. They will kill me, because I, that am so ugly, dare to come near them. But it is all the same. Better to be killed by them than to suffer hunger in winter!"

It flew out into the water, and swam towards

THE YOUNGEST CRIED, "THERE IS A NEW ONE"

the beautiful swans. They came sailing down upon it with outspread wings.

"Kill me!" said the poor Duckling, and bent its head down upon the water, expecting death. But what was this that it saw in the clear water? No longer a clumsy, dark-gray bird, ugly and hateful to look at, but a—swan!

It matters nothing if one is born in a duck-yard if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

Into the garden came little children. They threw bread and corn into the water; and the youngest cried, "There is a new one!" They clapped their hands and danced about, and ran to their father and mother. Bread and cake were thrown into the water; and they all said, "The new one is the most beautiful of all!"

It felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wings, for it did not know what to do; it was so happy, and yet not at all proud. Then its wings rustled, it lifted its slender neck, and cried rejoicingly:

"I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was the ugly Duckling!"

Adapted.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

By Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderfully sweet you sing!
O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bongtree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood

With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will;"
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

I

Hans Andersen doesn't look much like a prince, does he? But that is what he was, what he is and what he always will be—for he is the prince of story-tellers! You say so yourself—don't you?

Go back a hundred years with me; then cross the sea to the little town of Odense, in Denmark. We will walk down a narrow bit of a street until we come to an old six-story house. Up the rickety stairs we go, up and up. At last we open the door of a little back room and step inside. How clean everything is! The curtains are white as snow;

and the spring sun shines ŏn the plates and metal pans set against the wall. A bed shut in by curtains stands in the corner. At the low open window sits a young man mending shoes, tap, tap, tap. His wife is busy paring potatoes for their scanty dinner. Is this what we came to see? Ah, no!

We hear a low childish laugh from the roof outside. That must be why we came! Let us step out there. Do you see a little yellow-haired boy of six or seven years, playing with his dolls? That is little Hans Andersen. He does not mind us in the least for, see, he goes right on. What is he doing so busily? He is making new clothes for his dolls. They are to be the actors in a little play that Hans has made up all by himself.

The theater is to be under some green boughs that Hans and his father brought home from the woods yesterday. They are placed up against a big wooden box in which Hans's mother grows her tiny garden. *Five Peas in a Pod* grew out of that garden, too. You already know about them, don't you?

You can see from all this that Hans Andersen

was born into a very happy home. The parents are poor, very poor. Hans wears his father's made-over clothes, and his mother pins bits of bright silk on his breast for a little vest. But he is as clean and sweet and happy as a bird and gets a great deal of love. What more than that has any prince in a palace? I forgot to tell you, he has a grandmother, too, such a dear kind grandmother. Every Sunday evening she brings him a little bunch of flowers, and Hans, himself, puts them into a glass of water.

II

The next part of my story is not so happy. But it comes out right in the end, just like the Ugly Duckling. Indeed, Hans Andersen later called himself the Ugly Duckling.

The dear father died. This brought sad times, I tell you. The father, for all he had only made shoes, had been a great student. He liked to read, and many and many an hour had he spent in reading to little Hans, and in teaching him to read.

Of all things he wished his son to become an

educated man. Now that the father was dead the mother must go out to wash, to keep them from starving. Hans went to work in a factory.

After a while the mother married again. While the stepfather was not unkind to Hans, yet he did not care to educate him. Do you wonder then, that when Hans was fourteen, he asked his mother to let him go to the great city of Copenhagen? There, he felt sure he could go to school and also get work.

The mother did not know what to say. So she went to a wise old woman and asked her advice. This old woman knew Hans to be a very unusual boy. She knew also that he had no longer any chance to go to school. She said to the mother, "Your son will become a great man, and in honor of him Odense will one day be illuminated."

Hans's mother wept when she heard this for she did not want him to go away. So she said to herself, "I will allow him to go but when he gets sight of the rough sea, he will be frightened and turn back again." She packed up his clothes in a small bundle, and sent him with the driver

of a post carriage to Copenhagen. She went with him to the city gate. There stood the kind old grandmother. She fell upon his neck and wept but was not able to say one word. Then the postboy blew his horn, and Hans started off for Copenhagen, down a long sunny road.

For weeks he wandered about the streets of Copenhagen, trying to find work. Just as his money was almost gone, he went to the house of the director of the Academy of Music to beg for work. There was a dinner party that evening and Hans offered to sing for the guests. He had an excellent voice, and the company became interested in him. They raised some money, and the director himself undertook to give Hans voice lessons. From that time Hans Andersen never failed for friends, although for a long time he was very, very poor. He was sent away to school. While there he began his writing. It was not long till people everywhere were reading *The Brave Tin Soldier, The Darning Needle* and all of those charming stories about *What the Moon Saw.*

Soon he was famous. The great Danish sculp-

tor, Thorwaldsen, became his friend and asked Hans Andersen to visit him. In the evening they listened to music with half-shut eyes, then Thorwaldsen would come softly behind Andersen and ask, "Shall we little ones hear any tales to-night?" Then Andersen would tell them another story about *Ole Luk-Oie, the Dustman.*

He was great friends with Charles Dickens, and Felix Mendelssohn. The King and the Queen honored him by invitations to their palace. They also gave him a pension.

Just fifty years after he left Odense, the town held a great feast in his honor. He says of it:

"The town is beautifully decorated, and all the schools have a festival. I feel cast down, humble and poor, as if I were standing before my God. I think of Aladdin, who, when by his wonderful lamp he had built his grand castle, stepped to the window and said, 'Down there I walked, a poor boy.' So has God given me the lamp of poetry, and when men said that light shone from Denmark,—then my heart beat with happiness."

Now do you see why he calls himself the Ugly Duckling?

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

By Mary Hannah Krout

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-
fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They wave from the tall rocking tree-top,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night they are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS TO MIND THE HOUSE

By George Webbe Dasent

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross he never thought that his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening, in haymaking time, he came home, scolding and scolding.

"Dear love, don't be so angry; there's a good man," said his wife; "to-morrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house at home."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his wife took a scythe over her neck, and went out into the hayfield with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while he grew thirsty, and went down to the cellar to get a drink of sweet cider. Just when he had knocked in the

bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig come into the kitchen.

Off he ran up the cellar steps, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up, and saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, routing and grunting amongst the cream which was running all over the floor, he was so wild with rage that he quite forgot the cider barrel and ran at the pig as hard as he could.

He caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of cider had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again, and so he began to churn, for they must have butter for dinner.

When he had churned a bit, he remembered that the milking cow was still shut up in the barn, and hadn't had anything to eat or drink all the

morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he would just get her up on the housetop—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there.

Now the house lay close up against a steep hill, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he could easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "if I leave it," he thought, "the child is safe to upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it. Then he thought that he would better water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch. He took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even got the butter yet; so he thought he would best boil the porridge. He filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. When he had done

that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round his own thigh. He had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the housetop after all. As she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half-way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth.

Now the wife had waited and waited for her husband to call her home to dinner. At last she thought she had waited long enough, and went home. When she got there and saw the cow hanging in such a queer way, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. As she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge-pot.

Adapted.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!"

Lulled him into slumber singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!

Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees.
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,

Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there:
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,

Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

From "Hiawatha."

JACKANAPES AND LOLLO

By Julia Horatia Ewing

I

"The Green" was part of a common where Gipsies sometimes squatted, if allowed to do so, especially after the annual fair.

It was after the fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gipsy's son riding the Gipsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being overhead in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown about by the wind!

The Gipsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little fine gentle-

man?" screamed the Gipsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's as tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony, and, oh, the delight of this wild gallop! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gipsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so that Jackanapes clung to his neck, and stopped with a jerk at the place where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's." And the Gipsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gipsy father.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the Gipsy; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

II

A few days later Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the general, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

"You are a good boy, Jackanapes. Certainly, I can tell your grandfather that. An obedient boy, an honorable boy, and a kind-hearted boy. But you are—in short you are a boy, Jackanapes. And I hope," added Miss Jessamine, "that the general knows that boys will be boys."

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to keep that hair of his

smooth, not to burst in at the parlor door, and not to talk at the top of his voice. He was to be sure to say "sir" to the general, and to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat.

The general arrived, and for the first day all went well, except that Jackanapes's hair was as wild as usual. He began to feel more at ease with his grandfather, and liked to talk with him, as he did with the postman. All that the general felt it would take too long to tell, but the result was the same. He liked to talk with Jackanapes.

"Pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on the meadow, where the grass was green in the sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

"You should see it in fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop and leaning back in his arm-chair.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the general, with a twinkle in his left eye. The other was glass.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed the last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"That's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had you?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman,—*sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not a penny in your pocket?" said the general.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes, "two pennies. They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at fair times, I suppose?" said the general.

Jackanapes shook his mop.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what two pence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't take, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember, ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't take, borrow twenty. One from twenty,

nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen, and—what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the general.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and ten pence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"Bless me, what for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The Gipsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gipsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer, you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No-o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"You did, did you? Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the general, slapping the breast of his military frock-coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson, glad you mentioned it."

III

The general was as good as his word. Next morning the Gipsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, his grandfather and his dog, Spitfire, were all gathered at the end of the Green in a group. The general talked to the Gipsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He stands hardly high enough for me.

If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gipsy took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman—"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket a trumpet he had bought at the fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes's hat. His golden hair flew out, and his cheeks shone red. Away went Spitfire, mad with the race and the wind in his silky ears.

Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the Gipsy; "you were born to the saddle. You've the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand. All you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that fellow talking about, grandson?" asked the general.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

They were sitting in the window again, in two arm-chairs.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

Jackanapes answered quite readily. "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes; "and he tells me about him, and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy! So you shall!"

"Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier for fear of my being killed."

"Bless my life! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! I say, do you think

"I CAN MAKE HIM GO!"

my father knew the Gipsy's secret? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain, like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little, too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. Well, well; if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart will grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country—God bless me, it can but break for you!"

From "Jackanapes." Adapted.

The lily has an air,
And the snowdrop a grace,
And the sweet pea a way,
And the heart's-ease a face,—
Yet there's nothing like the rose
When she blows.

Christina Rossetti.

THE SANDPIPER

By Celia Thaxter

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,—
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,—
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

SUGGESTED BY LONGFELLOW'S POEM

I

The interior of the town hall of Killingworth on a fine spring morning. Through the windows come the songs of the birds as they flit back and forth through the lofty trees. Seated around a long table is the town council, the Squire presiding.

The Squire. The meeting is called to order! (*Raps on the table.*) Fellow-citizens, we are here to

decide what can be done to rid us of these pests, the birds. What have you to propose?

The Farmer. My fields suffer more and more every year. Yesterday, as I was planting corn, the saucy crows sat on the fence and cawed at me till I was beside myself. They have even dared to build a nest in my old scarecrow! Did you ever see such impudence?

The Deacon. We suffer, too, in town. Just this morning a pair of fat robins hopped before me down the path. They make themselves entirely at home in my cherry-trees. I doubt not the little thieves will eat a pint of the fruit before I can gather it. You are quite right. It is impudence, pure impudence! (*Pounds the table.*)

The Banker. I can not sleep for these noisy birds. They are a pest. I move that a committee be appointed by the Squire to kill every bird found within five miles of Killingworth in the next thirty days.

The Squire. You have heard the motion. Is there a second?

The Farmer. I second the motion.

The Squire. The question is now before us.

Are there objections? (*The schoolmaster comes forward, pale and trembling.*)

The Schoolmaster. My friends and neighbors, consider well what you are about to do. Your committee will put to death the birds that make music for us all. And why? For the gain of a scant handful of wheat, or rye, or for a few cherries that are not half so sweet as are the songs of the birds who eat them. Their homes in the tree-tops are half-way houses on the road to Heaven. When the sun every morning shines through their leafy windows, think how happy they are! And when you think of this remember

> "'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
> The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
> Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

What would become of your fields and orchards without birds?

You call them thieves, but know they keep your harvests from a hundred harms. Even the blackest of them all, the crow, crushes the beetle in his coat-of-mail. How can I teach your children gentleness and mercy and reverence for life,

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

when you by your laws contradict the very things I teach?

The Squire. You have heard the matter discussed. Those in favor of the motion will say "Aye"—contrary "No."

Chorus of Voices. Aye! Aye!

The Schoolmaster. No.

The Squire. The "Ayes" have it. The birds must go. I will name the committee to enforce our new law in the morning. The meeting is adjourned.

II

An August afternoon in the year following. The Sewing-Circle meets in the church. The ladies are just seating themselves.

The Farmer's Wife. Excuse me! (*Picks a caterpillar from the dress collar of the banker's wife.*)

The Banker's Wife. Oh! Oh! the horrid thing! I can't touch it! Whatever are we going to do? That is the third one on me to-day. I am a nervous wreck! Ugh!

The Farmer's Wife. It is well you do not live in the country. We are simply swarming with insects. Great armies of locusts and grasshop-

pers have devoured every green thing we have. We have scarcely an ear of corn in the field. The land is fairly a desert!

The Deacon's Wife. We suffer right here in town. Our cherry-trees are alive with crawling things. What we are going to do I can not tell.

The Squire's Wife. Indeed it is distressing. But the insects and the loss of the crops are not all of it. What do you think my little Sammy did last night? He cut off the tails of five little puppies! When I spoke to him about it, he laughed in my face and said, "All the boys are doing it. Didn't father have the little birds killed?"

The Deacon's Wife. True! True! Think of my little Sophy growing up with these cruel boys! What kind of men will they make?

The Farmer's Wife. Something must be done! My husband is ashamed to say he was wrong in killing the birds.

The Banker's Wife. I know mine is, too. But women have a right to be heard once in a while. I mean to have this bird law changed. Is that another caterpillar? How nervous I am!

The Squire's Wife. I will tell you what we

can do. The town council is meeting this minute. Suppose we all go over there, and present this matter.

The Farmer's Wife. That is just the thing! (*All go out.*)

III

The next spring. A train of farm wagons is being driven through the town by the school children. The wagons are overarched with boughs on which hang wooden cages filled with singing birds. The deacon's son drives the first team, and the schoolmaster sits beside him.

The Schoolmaster. Drive to the town hall, Samuel.

The Deacon's Son. See, the people are waiting for us! (*They stop before the town hall and release the birds.*)

The Schoolmaster. What a pretty sight to see the birds fly!

The Deacon's Son. I hope the robins will come back to our cherry-trees. Father would give them half the cherries now.

The Schoolmaster. Be sure the robins will find your cherry-trees. God tells them where to build their nests.

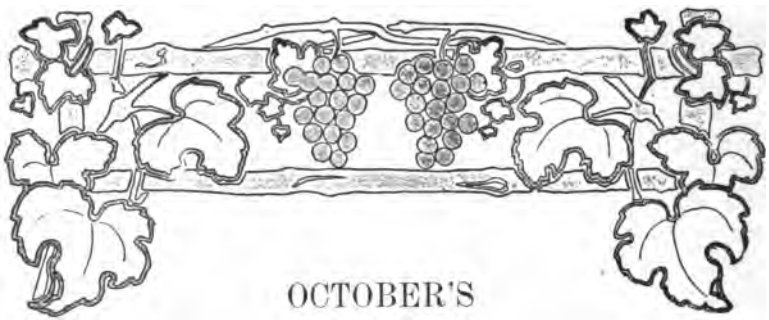
The Deacon's Son. Here is father! (*The deacon comes forward and shakes the schoolmaster's hand.*)

The Deacon. I wish to say to you, my respected friend, that I am heartily ashamed we did not take your advice in the first place about the birds. I want my son to hear me say this to you. You were right—entirely so. You have done much for my boy and I hope he will continue to love you as he does now. (*Shakes hands again and goes away.*)

Little Sophy. It is just like what you taught us, dear Schoolmaster:

> "'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
> The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
> Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

As a wagoner was driving through a miry lane, the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no farther. The man dropped on his knees and began crying and praying to Hercules with all his might to come and help him. "Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and stir yourself. Put your shoulder to the wheel. Then if you want my help, you shall have it."



OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

By Helen Hunt Jackson

O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fingers tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT

By Bulwer Lytton

I

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes, and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful delft blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story, fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments flew up round my father's feet. But my father continued to read,—being much interested in his book.

"Dear, dear!" cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!" Mrs. Primmins popped her head out of the window, nodded, and came down, pale and breathless.

"Oh!" said my mother mournfully, "I would rather have lost all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May. I would rather the best tea-set were broken! The poor geranium

I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr. Caxton brought for me my last birthday! That naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs. Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father; why, I know not, except that very talkative, social persons are usually afraid of very silent, shy ones. She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to show signs of attention, and cried promptly: "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy; it was I!"

"You? How could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both. O, Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob. "Don't tell fibs, nursey," said a small shrill voice; and I, coming out of the house as bold as brass, continued rapidly: "Don't scold Primmins, mother; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, while gazing at my father, who had very slowly taken off his hat, and was looking on with serious eyes, wide-awake. "Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident. He was standing so, and he never meant it. Did

you? Speak!" this in a whisper, "or father will be so very angry."

"Well," said mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in the future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There is a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mother, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

"Ah! and why?" said my father, walking up. Mrs. Primmins trembled like a leaf. She did not know what might happen.

"For fun!" said I, hanging my head; "just to see how you'd look, father; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me—do beat me!"

My father threw his book fifty feet off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong; you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear."

From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father and knew that he loved me.

"IT WAS I WHO PUSHED OUT THE FLOWER-POT"

II

Not long after that event, Mr. Squills, who often made me little presents, gave me a beautiful large domino box in cut ivory, painted and gilded. This domino box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah!" said my father one day when he found me arranging the ivory pieces in the parlor, "ah! you like that better than all your playthings, eh?"

"Oh, yes, father!"

"You would be very sorry if mother were to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun." I looked pleadingly at my father, and made no answer. "But perhaps you would be very glad," he went on, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino box into a beautiful geranium in a lovely blue-and-white flower-pot. Then you could have the pleasure of putting it on mother's window-sill."

"Indeed I would," said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes do not mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions." So saying he shut the door and went out. I can not tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant. But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day.

The next morning my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden. He paused and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to town; will you come? And, by the by, fetch your domino box; I should like to show it to a person there." I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father on the highroad, set out with him.

"Father," said I by the way, "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why, how then can my domino box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to

be good, carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my forehead; "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, father."

"I can wait till you do, my son."

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mother was so fond of. What is the price of this, sir?"

"Only seven and six pence," said the gardener. My father buttoned up his pocket.

"I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

III

On entering the town we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one, marked three and six pence. Yes, that is the price. Well, when mother's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, my boy. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is bet-

ter than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delft."

My head, which had been drooping before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me. "I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers common in country towns, who sell all kinds of pretty toys and knick-knacks.

"And, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books, "I think my little boy here can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which Mrs. Caxton bought last winter. Show your domino box, my dear." I produced my treasure, and the shopman praised it highly. "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my son gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that? Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Father, father!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium; we can buy the flower-pot!" And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father. "You have found the two fairies!"

Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

"It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

From "The Caxtons." Adapted.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

By Phœbe Cary

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night;
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind man

Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,

As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

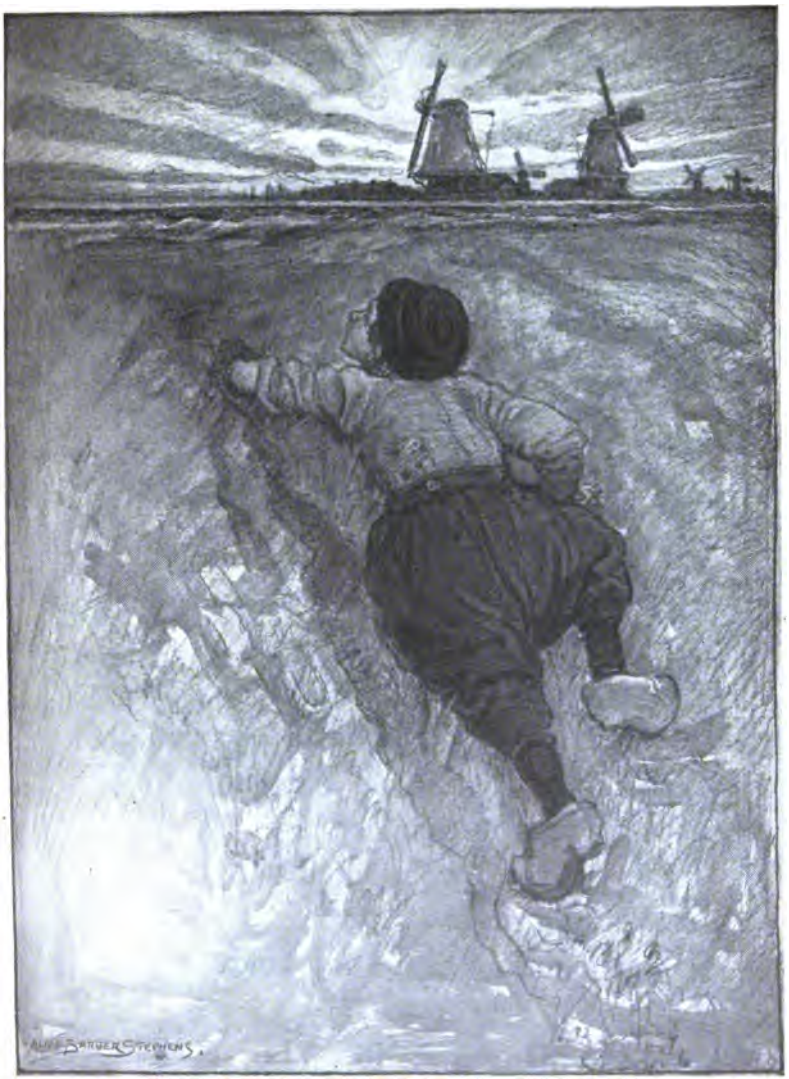
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know,
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!
He listened for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last:
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yestereve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!



WHERE DUTY HOLDS HIM FAST

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears:
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the strickened man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;

But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

THE TWO HORSES

By Leo Tolstoy

Two horses were carrying two loads. The front horse went well, but the rear horse was lazy. The men began to pile the rear horse's load on the front horse; when they had transferred it all, the rear horse found it easy going, and he said to the front horse:

"Toil and sweat! The more you try, the more you have to suffer."

When they reached the tavern, the owner said:

"Why should I fodder two horses when I carry all on one? I had better give the one all the food it wants, and cut the throat of the other; at least I shall have the hide."

And so he did.

THE DARNING-NEEDLE

By Hans Christian Andersen

There was once a Darning-needle, who thought herself so fine, she imagined she was an embroidering-needle.

"Take care, and mind you hold me tight!" she said to the Fingers that took her out. "Don't let me fall! If I fall on the ground I shall certainly never be found again, for I am so fine!"

The Fingers pointed the needle just at the cook's slipper, in which the upper leather had burst, and was to be sewn together.

"That's vulgar work," said the Darning-needle. "I shall never get through. I'm breaking! I'm breaking!" And she really broke.

"Now, it's quite useless," said the Fingers; but they were obliged to hold her fast, all the same; for the cook dropped some sealing-wax upon the needle, and pinned her handkerchief together with it in front.

"So, now, I'm a breastpin!" said the Darning-needle.

"When one is something, one comes to something!"

And she laughed quietly to herself—and one can never see when a Darning-needle laughs.

Then she drew herself up so proudly that she fell from the handkerchief right into the sink.

One day something lay close beside her that glittered splendidly; it was a bit of broken bottle; and because it shone the Darning-needle spoke to it, introducing herself as a breastpin.

"I suppose you are a diamond?" she observed.

"Why, yes, something of that kind."

"I have been in a lady's box," said the Darning-needle, "and this lady was a cook. She had five fingers on each hand, and I never saw anything so conceited as those five fingers."

"Were they well-born?" asked the Bottle.

"No, indeed," replied the Darning-needle, "but very haughty. There were five brothers, all of the Finger family. They kept very proudly together, though they were different lengths; the outermost, the Thumbling, was short and fat; he walked out in front of the ranks, and only had one joint in his back, and could only make a

single bow; but he said that if he were hacked off a man, that man was useless for service in war. Dainty-mouth, the second finger, thrust himself into sweet and sour, pointed to sun and moon, and gave the impression when the fingers wrote. Longman, the third, looked at all the others over his shoulder. Goldborder, the fourth, went about with a golden belt round his waist; and little Playman did nothing at all, and was proud of it."

At that moment more water came into the gutter, and the Bit of Bottle was carried away.

"So he is disposed of," observed the Darning-needle. "I remain here. I am too fine. But that's my pride, and my pride is honorable."

One day two street boys lay grubbing in the gutter, where they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and similar treasures.

"Oh!" cried one, who had pricked himself with the Darning-needle, "there's a fellow for you!"

"Here comes an egg-shell sailing along!" said the other; and they stuck the Darning-needle fast in the egg-shell.

"White walls, and black myself! that looks well," remarked the Darning-needle. "Now one can see me. I only hope I shall not be seasick!"

"Crack!" went the egg-shell, for a wagon rolled over her.

"Good Heavens, how it crushes one!" said the Darning-needle. "I'm getting seasick now,—I'm quite sick."

But she was not really sick, though the wagon went over her; she lay there at full length, and there she may lie.

Abridged.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray,
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

James Whitcomb Riley.

THE LAD WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

By George Webbe Dasent

Once on a time there was an old widow who had one son, and as she was poorly and weak, her son had to go up into the safe to fetch meal for cooking; but when he got outside the safe, and was just going down the steps, there came the North Wind, puffing and blowing, caught up the meal, and so went away with it through the air. Then the lad went back into the safe for more; but when he came out again on the steps, if the North Wind didn't come again and carry off the meal with a puff; and more than that, he did so the third time. At this the lad got very angry; and as he thought it hard that the North Wind should behave so, he thought he'd just look him up, and ask him to give up his meal.

So off he went, but the way was long, and he walked and walked; but at last he came to the North Wind's house.

"Good day!" said the lad, and, "thank you for coming to see us yesterday."

"Good day!" answered the North Wind, for his voice was loud and gruff, and "thank you for coming to see me. What do you want?"

"Oh!" answered the lad, "I only wished to ask you to be so good as to let me have back that meal you took from me on the safe steps, for we haven't much to live on; and if you're to go snapping up the morsel we have there'll be nothing for it but to starve."

"I haven't got your meal," said the North Wind; "but if you are in such need, I'll give you a cloth which will get you everything you want, if you only say, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes!'"

With this the lad was well content. But as the way was so long, he couldn't get home in one day, so he turned into an inn on the road, and when they were going to sit down to supper, he laid the cloth on a table which stood in the corner, and said,

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

He had scarce said so before the cloth did as it was bid, and all who stood by thought it a fine thing, but most of all the landlady.

So, when all were fast asleep, at dead of night, she took the lad's cloth, and put another in its stead, just like the one he had got from the North Wind, but which couldn't serve up so much as a bit of dry bread.

So, when the lad woke, he took his cloth and went off with it, and that day he got home to his mother.

"Now," said he, "I've been to the North Wind's house, and a good fellow he is, for he gave me this cloth, and when I only say to it, 'Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes,' I get any sort of food that I please."

"All very true, I dare say," said his mother; "but seeing is believing, and I shan't believe it till I see it."

So the lad made haste, drew out a table, laid the cloth on it, and said,

"Cloth, spread yourself, and serve up all kinds of good dishes."

But never a bit of dry bread did the cloth serve up.

"Well," said the lad, "there's no help for it but to go to the North Wind again;" and away he went.

So he came to where the North Wind lived, late in the afternoon.

"Good evening!" said the lad.

"Good evening!" said the North Wind.

"I want my rights for that meal of ours which you took," said the lad; "for as for that cloth I got, it isn't worth a penny."

"I've got no meal," said the North Wind; "but yonder you have a ram which coins nothing but gold ducats as soon as you say to it, 'Ram, ram! make money!'"

So the lad thought this a fine thing; but as it was too far to get home that day, he turned in for the night at the same inn where he had slept before.

Before he called for anything, he tried what the North Wind had said of the ram, and found it true, but when the landlord saw that, he thought it was a famous ram, and, when the lad had fallen

asleep, he took another ram which couldn't coin gold ducats, and changed the two.

Next morning off went the lad; and when he got home to his mother, he said,

"After all, the North Wind is a jolly fellow; for now he has given me a ram which can coin golden ducats if I only say, 'Ram, ram! make money!'"

"All very true, I dare say," said his mother; "but I shan't believe any such stuff until I see the ducats made."

"Ram, ram! make money!" said the lad; but if the ram made anything it wasn't money.

So the lad went back again to the North Wind, and blew him up, and said the ram was worth nothing, and he must have his rights for the meal.

"Well," said the North Wind, "I've nothing else to give you but that old stick in the corner yonder; but it's a stick of the kind that if you say 'Stick, stick! lay on!' it lays on till you say 'Stick, stick! now stop!'"

So, as the way was long, the lad turned in this night, too, to the landlord; but as he could pretty

well guess how things stood as to the cloth and the ram, he lay down at once on the bench and began to snore, as if he were asleep.

Now the landlord, who easily saw that the stick must be worth something, hunted up one which was like it, and when he heard the lad snore, was going to change the two, but just as the landlord was about to take it the lad bawled out,

"Stick, stick! lay on!"

So the stick began to beat the landlord, till he jumped over chairs, and tables, and benches, and yelled and roared,

"Oh my! oh my! bid the stick be still, else it will beat me to death, and you shall have back both your cloth and your ram."

When the lad thought the landlord had got enough, he said,

"Stick, stick! now stop!"

Then he took the cloth and put it into his pocket, and went home with his stick in his hand, leading the ram by a cord round its horns; and so he got his rights for the meal he had lost.

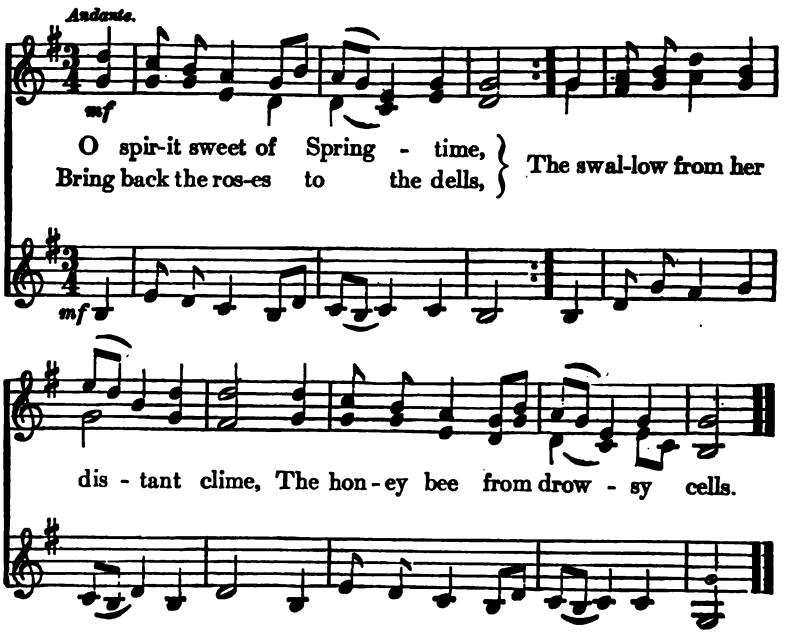
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Dramatized by sixth grade pupils under Miss Margaret McLaughlin

ACT I. COURT SCENE

CHARACTERS: King, Queen, lords, ladies, knights, minstrel, page, guards.

FOLK SONG — WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



(*Curtain rises.*)

King. My lords and ladies, the fairies will join in our festivities to-night and will present magic gifts to our royal Princess.

Lady Eleanor. A surprise?

Lord Percy. Real fairies, your Majesty?

King. Aye, my lord. (*All show amazement.*)

Lady Eleanor. Oh, once I saw the fairies, dancing in the moonlight on the green. Ah! such dancing! And their song was like the sound of a silvery horn!

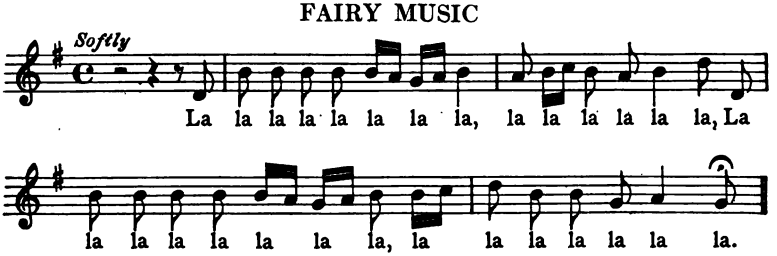
Lady Margaret. You saw the fairies, my Lady Eleanor? Tell us,—were there many?

Lady Eleanor. Seven danced in a circle. But ah! there was another. She stood afar, muttering. I was just a little girl then, but I should not like to see her again!

Queen. But that old fairy called Discontent is dead, as all the world knows. She will not be our guest to-night, my Lady Eleanor. (*Fairy music is heard.*)

Lady Margaret. Hark! (*All listen.*)

FAIRY MUSIC



King. 'Tis our fairy guests. (*Motions to guards to bring in the cradle of the Princess.*)

Lady Eleanor. I shall see my friends, the fairies, once more. (*All gather around cradle.*)

Lady Edith. Magic gifts for our Princess! What may they be?

Lady Mary. But here they are!

(*Seven fairies enter and dance around cradle.*)

First Fairy. Beauty I give to your daughter fair,
And the world shall delight in the Princess rare.

Second Fairy. Wisdom I give unto the child,
And her reign o'er the kingdom shall be long and mild.

Third Fairy. The palace shall ring with her merry jests,
And the court shall be her happy guests.

Fourth Fairy. Grace on her I shall bestow,
And she shall step like the mottled doe.

Fifth Fairy. I give her the voice of a nightingale,
And it shall resound over hill and dale.

THE GIFTS OF THE FAIRIES

Sixth Fairy. Perform she shall with ease and grace,
And be the brightest of her race.

(*Enter wicked fairy.*)

Wicked Fairy. All fairy folk here to-night, and I slighted! Your royal Princess shall pay the penalty. Harken all! My gift to your Princess is death. For fifteen years she shall live and be happy. After that, death! She shall prick her finger with a spindle and then die.

Lord Greville. My good dame, we crave your pardon! Spare our lovely Princess!

(*Wicked fairy shakes head.*)

Seventh Fairy. Mourn not, dear Queen. I have not given my gift to your Princess. True, I can not wholly undo this wicked spell. But your Princess shall not die. She and all your court shall merely sleep for a hundred years and then shall waken to a gladsome springtime. Farewell. (*Fairies leave.*)

(*Ladies gather around cradle while King comes forward.*)

King. Harken all! Henceforth no spinning-wheel shall be allowed within my realm. Go,

my faithful knights, go far and wide. See to it that my command is fulfilled.

ACT II. GARDEN SCENE

Queen and ladies working at tapestry. Princess plays with ball. Minstrel and page stand by.

Queen. Go you, Geoffrey, to the old chest at the end of the hall and bring the scarlet thread which you will find in the very top. (*Page leaves.*) I think we shall finish to-day.

Lady Edith. Indeed, your Majesty, we make much progress. Shall your Majesty hang it in the banquet-hall?

Queen. Yes. But see, Geoffrey returns. Thank you, my helpful page, it is just the color.

Lady Edith. I think our tapestry is as beautiful as the one Lady Eleanor has just finished. She must see it as soon as she returns from the hunt.

Lady Mary. But I wonder why they tarry so long? Truly, they must have good sport.

Queen. Go, Geoffrey, to the north battlement and see if the hunt returns.

Princess. Oh, my lady mother, I pray you let me go also—I have never been to the north battlement and I should so like to see the returning hunt.

Queen. Go, my child. But tarry not too long. (*Page and Princess leave.*)

Lady Edith. Did ever you see such grace and beauty?

Lady Mary. Truly, she was gifted by the fairies.

Queen. True, true, my faithful ladies. But the threat of the wicked fairy clings ever to my mind.

Lady Mary. But we need have no fear, your Majesty. There is not a spinning-wheel in all our realm.

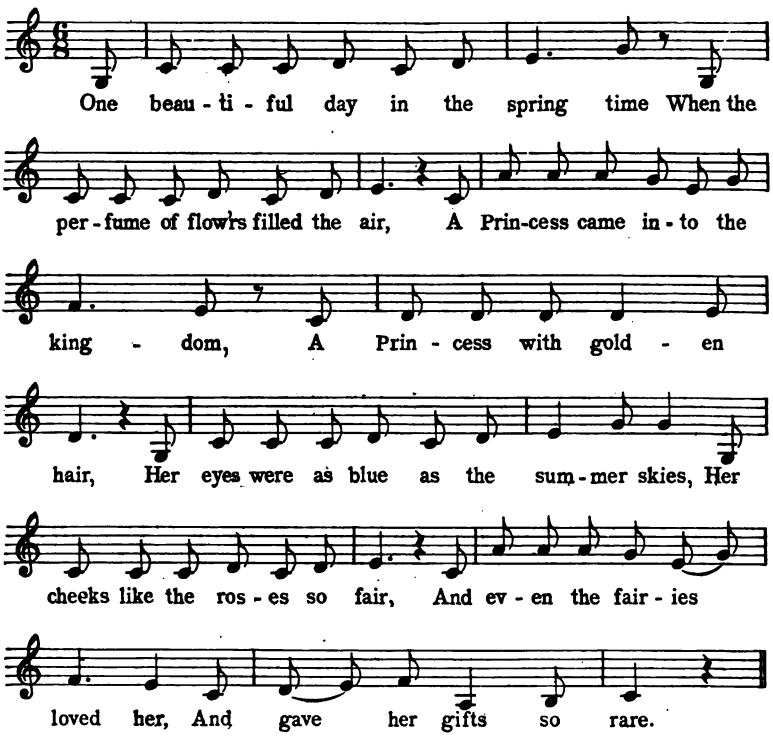
Queen. Yet as long as the wicked fairy lives, she will be at work trying to harm my child. We can not tell at what moment she may seek her revenge.

Lady Edith. Come, let us be cheerful. Here is our young minstrel ready to sing for us his latest song. Will you not sing it for us now?

(*Minstrel comes forward.*)

MINSTREL SONG

HELEN UMVERSAW EVELYN PADDOCK



(*Queen and ladies show their pleasure.*)

Lady Edith. Ah, fair minstrel, we like your song. Does it not describe our Princess?

Lady Mary. Yes, indeed!

(*Geoffrey returns.*)

Queen. What news?

Geoffrey. They are outside the gate, your Majesty. (*Horn blows.*)

Queen. But where is our Princess?

Geoffrey. She lingered to watch the last of the hunt enter. (*Enter courtiers and ladies.*)

Queen. Was there good sport to-day?

Lady Eleanor. Indeed, your Majesty, you can never imagine what a delightful time we had. Lord Greville's falcon brought down a large bird which the King's squire has sent to the cook. Indeed, we shall have a merry feast.

Lady Margaret. Yes, and we shall have venison, too, for Lord Percy felled a deer. He entertained us all through our ride with his jests.

Lord Percy. But where is our Princess?

Princess. (*Entering.*) Here! I strayed up into the north tower, and there I saw such a queer old lady. By her side was a wheel that went round and round. She allowed me to turn it—but my fingers were but clumsy—see where I pricked myself! (*The courtiers crowd around her.*)

Minstrel. A spindle! The spell has come upon her!

King. How came a spindle into our realm?

Lady Edith. Your Majesty, it came there by magic. Just the other day I was in the north battlement and there was no spinning-wheel there then.

Lady Helen. It must have been the wicked fairy.

Princess. I am so weary—I would rest. (*Rests on the rustic bench.*)

(*Lords and ladies converse in groups.*)

(*Fairy music is heard. Good fairy enters, waves her wand, and the court sleeps. Music dies away.*)

ACT III. OUTSIDE THE GARDEN

Prince. What a lonely land this is! All day have I traveled through thorns and bushes! But still something leads me on. (*Rustin enters.*) My good father, I am a stranger in your country. Can you tell me, is it true that a wonderful Princess sleeps in yon enchanted castle?

Rustin. It is true, my lord. My father's father was living when she fell asleep. The time of her deliverance is near at hand. All our people await

the hour when a noble Prince shall awaken her. For when she wakes, the birds will sing more sweetly, the flowers will bloom more gaily and the earth will be as mild as before the Princess went to sleep. Oh, sir, we all await that time with joy!

Prince. Ah, that I were that Prince! Sleeping for a hundred years! A long, long time! (*Stands musing.*)

(*Fairy music. Fairies enter and circle about him.*)

Seventh Fairy. Take you this magic ring, my noble Prince. Your wish is fulfilled. You have been chosen to free the Princess. When you place this ring upon her finger she will awaken. Long years we have watched for your coming! (*Fairies cease dancing.*)

Prince. (*Starts from reverie.*) Is this a dream? No, here is the ring!

ACT IV. THE SLEEPING COURT

Prince. (*Entering.*) What a lovely court! (*Examines his surroundings. Sees the Princess.*) Ah! this must be the sleeping beauty! Such loveliness could be obtained only from fairy-land.

SOMETHING LEADS ME ON

(*Prince places the ring on the finger of the Princess. She awakes.*)

Princess. So at last it is you, my noble Prince!

(*The Prince leads her to the center of the stage. Fairy music. Good fairy waves her wand and awakens the court while other fairies make a ring around the Prince and the Princess. All wake and sing, "One Beautiful Day." Fairy folk shower rose petals upon Princess.*)

A FAREWELL

By Charles Kingsley

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever
One grand, sweet song.

NOTES

When a word has more than one meaning or is used figuratively, the definition given is the one that will aid in the direct interpretation of the text.

THE THROSTLE

Throstle, a thrush; **carol,** sing; **prophet,** one who foretells; **unchidden,** without being found fault with.

THE SKYLARK'S SPURS

Consent, agree; **lest,** for fear; **continued,** went on; **mention,** say; **inquired,** asked; **clever,** bright, quick.

THE KAISERBLUMEN

Cockade, a knot or rosette on the hat to show that the wearer belongs to a particular party or cause; **quaint,** odd; **lofty,** stately; **hoary,** white; **gleaming,** shining.

THE LAST LESSON IN FRENCH

Prussians, German soldiers; **mayor,** chief officer in the town; **bulletin-board,** a large board on which telegrams were pasted; **Alsace and Lorraine,** two countries on the Rhine. Until 1871 they belonged to France; **regretted,** were sorry; **garlanded,** wreathed; **"Vive la France!"** Long live France!

THE BREMEN TOWN MUSICIANS

Get an engagement, be hired; **serenading,** singing outside, under the window at night; **determined,** made up their minds; **four points of the compass,** north, east, south and west; **consulted,** talked with; **sought,** hunted.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

Parson, minister; **venture,** go; **jeered,** made fun of; **poultry,** chickens and geese; **reeds,** tall grasses; **longing,** desire; **slighted,** the others would have nothing to do with him; **peasant,** farmer.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Wigwam, an Indian hut; **sinews,** cords or tendons of the body; **flaring,** flaming brightly; **flitting,** moving quickly and lightly; **brakes,** thick, bushy places in a wood; **native,** what belongs to one by birth.

JACKANAPES AND LOLLO

Spurned, kicked; **opportunity,** chance; **pound,** about five dollars; **foreseen,** thought of before time; **mop,** hair; **a common complaint,** a sickness that many people have; **shilling,** about twenty-five cents; **pence,** an English penny is worth about two cents; **racer,** race horse; **caressing,** patting.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER

Rival, equal; **belated,** behind time; **vagrant,** tramp; **woodbine,** an ivy sometimes called the Virginia creeper; **aftermath,** the grass that grows after the first cutting; **freighting,** the leaves are carried along like freight; **comrades,** friends.

THÉ BROKEN FLOWER-POT

Delft, a kind of ware first made in Delft, in the Netherlands; **blight,** a disease that kills plants; **ivory,** a hard white substance somewhat like bone; **nursery gardener's,** where young trees and plants are raised to sell; **stationers,** where paper, ink and other writing materials are sold; **specimen,** sample.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

Sluices, gates by which the flow of water is controlled; **succor,** help; **strickened,** hurt.

A LIST OF BOOKS FOR HOME READING

EDITED FOR CHILD CLASSICS BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

"Do we need, if you please, an entrance ticket
Before we pass through your magic wicket?"
"Oh, no, little Prince and Princess dear,
All pinafores freely enter here!"
—*William Brighty Rands.*

ÆSOP	*Fables*
ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN	*Fairy Tales*
ANDREWS, JANE	*The Seven Little Sisters*
BALDWIN, JAMES	*Fifty Famous Stories*
BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON	*The Racketty Packetty House*
COOLIDGE, SUSAN	*A New Year's Bargain*
CRAIK, DINAH MULOCK	*The Adventures of a Brownie*
CROTHERS, SAMUEL M.	*Little Miss Muffett's Christmas Party*
DODGSON, CHARLES L. (LEWIS CARROLL)	*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*
*FIELD, EUGENE	*With Trumpet and Drum*
GRIMM, JACOB AND WILHELM	*Fairy Tales*
HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER	*Little Mr. Thimblefinger*
KIPLING, RUDYARD	*Just-So Stories*
LANG, ANDREW (EDITOR)	*The Blue Fairy Book*
LOTHROP, H. M. S. (MARGARET SIDNEY)	*Five Little Peppers*
*LUCAS, E. V. (EDITOR)	*Book of Verses for Children*
†MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT (EDITOR)	*Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know*
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT (EDITOR)	*Heart of Oak Books, I and II*
O'SHEA, M. V.	*Old World Wonder Stories*
O'SHEA, M. V.	*Six Nursery Classics*
*RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	*Rhymes of Childhood*
*RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB	*When the Heart Beats Young*
SCUDDER, HORACE	*Fables and Folk Stories*
WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS	*The Birds' Christmas Carol*
*WIGGIN AND SMITH (EDITORS)	*The Posy Ring*

*Poetry

†Added by the Editors of *Child Classics*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

1. Know your lesson—both its literary possibilities and its technical difficulties.

2. Know your class—both as children whose lives are to be affected for good by the inspiration they are to receive through this lesson with you, and as readers with varying powers to interpret the printed page.

Reading lessons fall into two types, extensive and intensive—sight reading and study reading. The division is based upon the difficulty of the text, not on any inherent difference in the nature of the selection. A lesson that would be intensive reading for *The Second Reader* pupil would in all probability be extensive reading for *The Third Reader* pupil. The child should have both kinds of work, for through one he acquires facility in expression and through the other power to get deeper thought.

Little need be said on extensive reading. It should be pure pleasure. The teacher may seat herself among the children, who with books closed listen to several who read in turn such stories as *The Three Wishes* or who dramatize impromptu *The Bremen Town Musicians*, one child reading the author's part.

Intensive reading is the test of the teacher. There is no limit to the artistic skill she may put forth. A few general principles may be in place.

The selection should be presented as a whole to the class before they begin to analyze it. This can be done in a poem by the teacher's reading through the entire piece to key the class through her voice to its spiritual pitch; or in a narrative, by assigning it as a story to be read during study time and reproduced orally in outline. Following this study of the whole will come first the study of the larger literary units, such as in *The Ugly Duckling*, the introduction, in the duck-yard, the wild geese, etc.; and after that the careful study of the single sentence.

As far as possible let the children bear the responsibility of the recitation. They can be taught to help each other, and will delight to do so. Insist upon large, suggestive, helpful criticism. Do not permit such superficial comment as, "Miss ——, Johnny said *in* for *it*." Rather require, one child to address the other kindly, "I get a different thought. It seems to me it should be read in this way."

The child's constructive imagination should be constantly appealed to. Ask him, for instance, to give in his own words the other pictures in *Seven Times One*, in addition to the one chosen by Mrs. Stephens, or to dramatize *What the Old Man Does Is Always Right*, embellishing the dialogue with appropriate action, and adding dialogue if it can be done effectively.

Children delight to make original drawings and paintings, and could be asked to make any picture which they see in the lessons, such as those in *Marjorie's Almanac*.

Keep the children's voices soft and flexible. It is to be deplored that often their voices become harsh and strained in the effort to fill a large school room. Accustom yourself to conducting the lesson without the book, and thus hold your class to a high standard of enunciation. Remember that the quality of your own voice will directly affect the voices of your class.

Erect bearing, the light falling properly on the book, are matters which should need no comment.

Great opportunity for developing the child's taste is afforded in the home reading lists. There is no substitute in this matter for personal interest on the part of the teacher. One good way to interest children in a book is to read to them a part of the story. The book can then be lent over night to some child who will tell to the class the next day what he has read. The teacher may continue for a few moments the reading of the story that the class shall again feel the author's power and style, and the book then be given to another child for further report. Kipling's *Just-So Stories* are of absorbing interest when taken in this way.